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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1956.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Mission To Cairo

TOMORROW members of the "Suez Committee" set off to Cairo on what, without doubt, is one of the most difficult of diplomatic missions: an endeavour to arrive at, with Col Nasser, a mutually agreeable arrangement for the future of the Suez Canal.

The first aim of Mr Robert Menzies, leader of the party, and his colleagues must be to ascertain whether Nasser is prepared to negotiate with sincerity, or whether agreement to talk is merely another delaying tactic.

For the five men negotiating on behalf of 18 nations, the most important part of their quest is to persuade Col Nasser to accept international control and management of the Canal. But they cannot go to Cairo with only vague ideas as to how this can be accomplished.

It is conceivable that the Committee will suggest a control body similar in set-up to the International Bank as the supreme Canal Authority. It is a feasible proposal. A possible supplementary proposal is that international control extend down to authority over the pilots, the marshalling of the convoys at either end of the Canal, dredging operations and future developments.

The Committee must set itself two main objectives: the efficient running of the Canal, and the restoration of international confidence. It is also imperative that Egypt should be represented on the Authority in a manner commensurate with her sovereignty. It is a prime task of the Committee to convince Nasser that Egypt's own interests demand the acceptance, by him of some sort of international set-up.

It is of pertinent importance that impartial estimates have recently been prepared for the old Suez Company which show that the increase of traffic through the Canal over the next ten years will necessitate almost doubling the waterway's capacity. And the work involved is expected to cost up to £400 million. This vast sum cannot be raised from Canal tolls, even if the rates are raised. Therefore the only alternative is international finance which will clearly be forthcoming only when world-wide confidence in the future control and management of the Canal is restored.

FRANCE ALARMED

4,200 MEN SAIL FOR CYPRUS EGYPTIAN THREATS OF VIOLENCE

Paris, Aug. 31.

A troopship sailed from Marseilles today with 4,200 men and France announced that "more and more alarming news" from Egypt forced her decision to rush troops to Cyprus.

The troopship Pasteur steamed for Algiers. There was no hint whether it was merely stopping there en route to Cyprus or whether the troops aboard would replace others sent from Algeria to the eastern Mediterranean sea.

A Foreign Ministry spokesman said French troops are going to Cyprus because "the news from Egypt has been more and more alarming" since the London conference last week.

A second troopship, the Athos II, was preparing to sail from Marseilles with 2,000 men bound for an unannounced destination.

Diplomatic tension rose in Paris today, as what was believed to be a critical meeting next Monday approached between President Nasser and the five-nation Suez committee headed by Australian Prime Minister, Mr Robert Menzies. "The atmosphere is getting heavy," wrote Independent France. "Colonel Nasser's operation smiles directed at America has faded."

The Cabinet today discussed Suez and was reported as being "unanimous". The evening paper Le Monde wrote: "The government has made it clear that it no longer puts its whole confidence nor all its hopes in diplomatic meetings. Sending French troops to Cyprus will be a sign of a considered policy, intended to come into play if a diplomatic solution is reached."

DIRE THREATS

The strong feeling here was reflected in a clash between the French Foreign Office and an Egyptian journalist at a press conference here today.

Asked by the Egyptian why the French government thought Egyptian nationals in Egypt might be in danger, the spokesman said:

"Sir, not a single day goes by without some of the Arab countries, and particularly Egypt, expressing the most dire threats against the lives of Frenchmen, Britishers, Whites and Christians. It must be obvious that we are entitled to feel that protective measures in regard to our nationals are imperative. Hence our troops are in Cyprus."

The Foreign Office spokesman repeated that the French government had no intention of allowing any "unilateral" President

THE STRANGE AFFAIR OF NINA POMOMAREVA

Shoplifting Charges Called Nonsense

Moscow, Aug. 31.

A high Soviet sports official said tonight that "hardly anyone can believe this nonsense" of shoplifting charges placed in London against Soviet discus thrower Nina Pomomareva.

The official, Mr Alexei Chiken, chief of the foreign relations section of the Soviet government's sports committee, said it was because of the charges that the Soviet team had withdrawn from Anglo-Soviet athletics match to have been held today and tomorrow in London.

"The accusation against Miss Pomomareva is not only insulting a world champion, but also a human being," he said. "The committee had not yet been in contact with the team in London, but it was presumed the Soviet athletes would return to Moscow 'if there is no change in the situation.'"

Asked if the discus thrower was still in London, Mr Chiken replied, "Where else could she be?"

Asked why Miss Pomomareva had failed to appear in court yesterday, the official said, "That is quite natural."

Mr Chiken said "There is no doubt about her innocence. It is not the first time she has gone abroad and she is known all over the world. It seems very strange an Olympic champion should do such things." — Reuters.

No Hard Feelings

London, Aug. 31. The Soviet Union has invited the British team to visit Moscow next year despite the incident which led to the cancelling of the Soviet-Britain meet here today, Jack Crump, the manager of the British team, said.

Crump, in a telecast speech, described as "a charming young lady" the 27-year-old Soviet woman discus thrower, Nina Pomomareva, who vanished two days ago after being accused of stealing five hats from a London department store.

CHOU MAY GO TO INDIA

New Delhi, Aug. 31. The Chinese Prime Minister, Mr Chou En-lai, may fly here in December for a meeting with the Indian Prime Minister, Mr Nehru. It was learned tonight Mr Chou will be visiting Rangoon during that month and it is understood that he is likely to take the opportunity to fly on to New Delhi for a few days. — Reuters.

Round The Cape

London, Aug. 31. The Orient Line announced tonight that they had decided to use the Cape route to England from Australia for their liner Oronsky (27,632 tons) due to leave Fremantle on Sunday. She is expected to call at Capetown on September 12, Las Palmas on September 21 and to arrive at Tilbury about September 25 instead of the 24th as previously announced. — Reuters.

Glasgow Strike

London, Aug. 31. A strike hit the shipyards of the Glasgow area today as 5,500 workers abruptly quit work. The strikers are demanding a guaranteed minimum wage. — France-Press.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of today's feature highlights:

P. 5: Britain's Bloodless Revolution. John Marshall introduces a new series to show Britons as they really are... a candid close-up of modern times and how a people has changed.

P. 6: The Windsors Have a Second Honeymoon, and Sydney Smith is there to report the scene. I Meet the Woman who Defies Nasser. Anne Sharpley writes about Doria Shafik the Egyptian feminist who is not afraid of her country's dictator.

P. 8: No Government in the world could guarantee there would be no more traitors. George Henderson reports on security measures being taken in Britain's civil service and defence industries. William Hickey. Zank.

P. 13: It had to happen and here it is — Sir Beverley Baxter on Miss Monroe. And how the little English public turned away after a while to admire a new hero, a handsome curate playing in a Test match.

Fine Athlete

Crump said Miss Pomomareva was a "fine athlete in magnificent form". He said she unquestionably was "among the world's greatest athletes."

An estimated 5,000,000 television viewers had been expected to tune in on the Soviet-Britain meet today. Instead they were shown newsreels of a Soviet-Britain football match played in Moscow last year.

Some 60,000 fans had bought tickets for the much publicised meet. — France-Press.

FOUR CONVICTS ESCAPE IN STOLEN PLANE

Roseburg, Oregon, Aug. 31.

Four California convicts, who escaped from a forestry honour camp, were sought throughout Oregon today after they fled across the State line in a stolen airplane.

Posses were searching the Roseburg area and around Myrtle Creek, 20 miles south of here, for the men who fled from the Happy Camp near Eureka, California, early this morning.

The fugitives were identified as Gerald Baum, 27, of San Francisco, Charles Morgan, 31, Los Angeles robber, Paul Marques, 36, Los Angeles narcotics law violator, and Edward Virgil, 28, Sacramento hold-up man. The prison authorities said the four men escaped some time between the midnight and 2 a.m. bed check, stealing a State Highway Department truck to drive to nearby Clear Creek Airport, where they stole a four-seater, single-engine Cessna light plane belonging to E. E. Head, co-owner of the Happy Camp Lumber Company.

At 3.10 a.m. the tower operator at the Medford, Oregon, airport heard a pilot "who sounded like a student" asking for landing instructions. The tower man, Ira Parish, said he turned on the runway lights and saw the Cessna plane coming in. He said it was flying without the required navigational lights and taxied nearly a mile to the dark end of the runway. Parish found the plane abandoned. A short time later, a car was stolen from a Medford residence.

4 MINERS KILLED

Prague, Aug. 31.

Four miners were killed today in a fire which broke out in the Stalingrad Mine, at Most, in Northern Bohemia.

The fire, breaking out suddenly, first killed two miners. As rescuers came to the aid of their comrades, two of them were also killed in a cave-in which followed an explosion in the burning mine. Other miners suffered from burns and from the effects of smoke.

The fire was put under control after several hours and work was begun again in the rest of the Stalingrad mine. — France-Press.

BRUTAL KILLING BY RED TERRORISTS

Ipoh, Malaya, Aug. 31.

Troops and police were today searching the jungles in the Tapah area of Perak State, northern Malaya, for three Communist terrorists, one of them a woman, who murdered a 38-year-old Chinese woman with a rubber tapper by tying her to a tree and stabbing her in the throat.

Air Disaster In Alaska

Anchorage, Aug. 31.

An Air Force B-50 weather plane with 11 men aboard crashed 50 miles north of here today. The bodies of five men were found and six were missing, the Air Force said.

A ground party at the scene, on an island in the Sustina River, reported that the bodies of five of the crew were found in a preliminary examination of the smoking wreckage.

The party, which was joined later by a helicopter crew from the 71st Air Rescue Squadron at Elmendorf Air Force Base near here, said it was unable to determine if the plane had burned. It appeared that the giant four-engined plane pancaked into the island, the Air Force said.

The plane was on a routine weather flight from its home base at Eielson AFB, near Fairbanks.

There was no explanation as to what may have happened to the other six airmen aboard the plane. — United Press.

Patrols Attack

Cairo, Aug. 31.

Israeli patrols opened fire with small arms on Egyptians in the Gaza coastal strip at midnight last night, a spokesman of the Egyptian armed forces headquarters said today. The spokesman said "one patrol which attacked an Egyptian outpost was repelled with losses."

No casualties were reported on the Egyptian side. — Reuters.

Bomb Explosion

New Delhi, Aug. 31.

Twenty people, including several policemen, were injured when a crude bomb exploded near Juma Masjid — historic mosque in the heart of Old Delhi — tonight. Condition of three of the injured is serious. Five persons were arrested. — Reuters.



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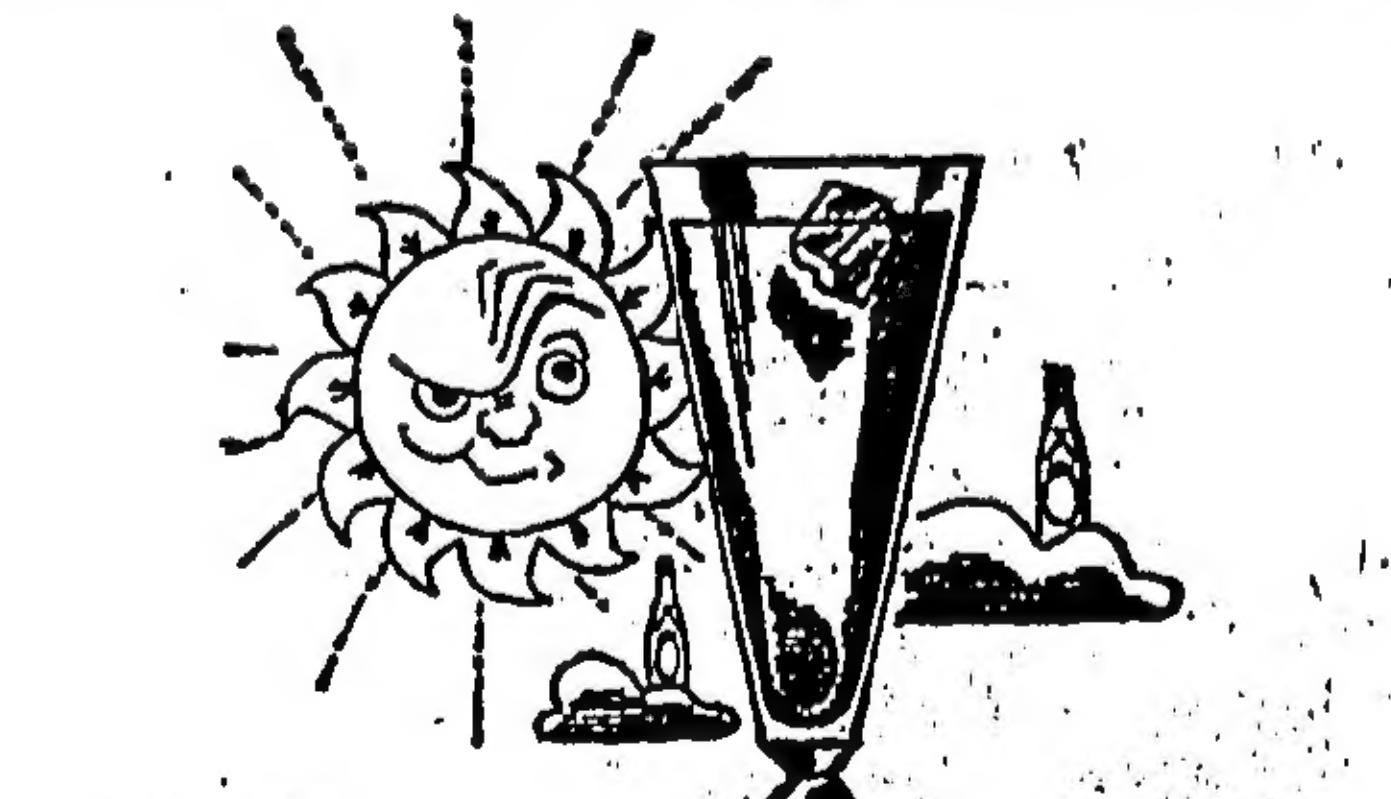
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SHOWING TO-DAY



EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S at 11.15 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
Silvana Mangano & THE THREE STOOGES &
Kirk Douglas in COLUMBIA TECHNICOLOR
"ULYSSES" in Technicolor CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

ROXY & BROADWAY

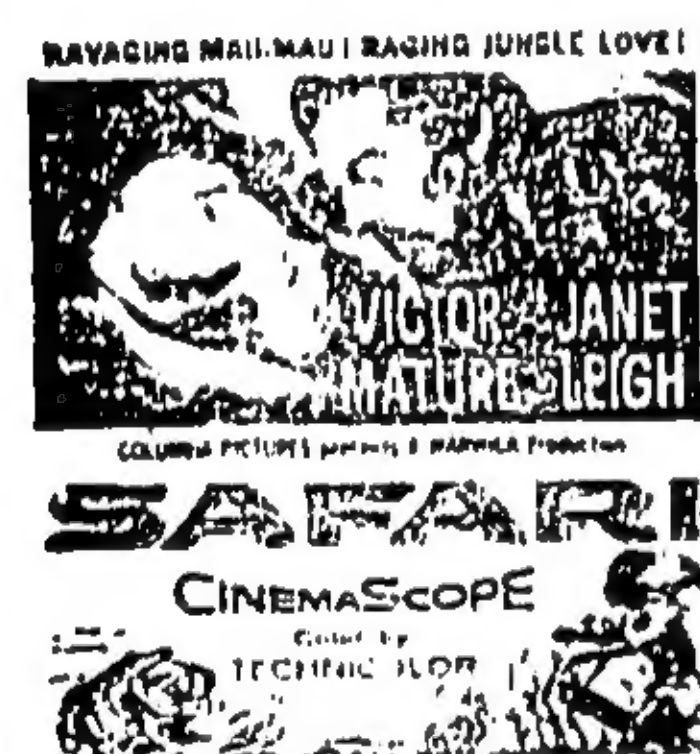
SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
20th Century-Fox
presents
In Cinemascope & Color
"BENEATH THE 12-MILE
REEF"
Starring: Robert Wagner
Terry Moore
— Reduced Admission —
\$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.
BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
"HANSEL & GRETEL"
Color by Technicolor
At 12.30 p.m.
In Cinemascope & Color
"HOW TO MARRY A
MILLIONAIRE"
Starring: Marilyn Monroe
At Reduced Prices

CAPITOL RITZ

TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



Sunday Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
Dean Martin
Jerry Lewis in
"STOGE"

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



— Added Attraction —
Walt Disney's
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"SIAM"
In Exotic Technicolor

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WATER
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FILMS

Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

This Week's Films In Pictures



Robert Ryan gets special treatment from his driver, Virginia Mayo in "The Proud Ones".



A scene from "The Searchers", starring John Wayne.

New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY:
"The Forbidden Planet":
Adventures in space.
Walter Pidgeon, Anne
Francis, Leslie Nielsen.
KING'S and PRINCESS:
"The Rawhide Years":
A western. Tony Curtis,
Colleen Miller, Arthur
Kennedy.
NEW YORK and GREAT
WORLD: "The Vanishing
Prairie": A western.
Walt Disney's
style. Bill Haley and his
Comets, the Platters,
Alan Freed.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:
"Rock Around the
Clock": A musical.
Walt Disney's
style. Bill Haley and his
Comets, the Platters,
Alan Freed.
ROXY and BROADWAY:
"The Proud Ones": A
western. Robert Ryan,
Virginia Mayo, Jeffrey
Hunter.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY:
"Showan Junction":
Politics and romance in
what is now Pakistan.
Ava Gardner, Stewart
Granger, Bill Travers.
"Tribute to A Bad
Man": A western. James
Cagney, Irene Pappas.
KING'S and PRINCESS:
"The Conqueror":
Genghis Khan rides again.
John Wayne, Susan
Hayward, Pedro Arm-
endaris, Agnes Moore-
head.
"The Scarlet
Hour": Melodrama set in
present day Los Angeles.
Carole O'Connor, Jody
Lawrence, Tom Tryon,
Producer and director,
Michael Curtiz.
NEW YORK and GREAT
WORLD: "Postmark for
Danger": A thriller.
Terry Moore, Robert
Beatty, William Sylves-
ter, "Glory". Horsey
story. Margaret O'Brien,
Charlotte Greenwood,
Walker Brennan.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:
"The Searchers":
A western. John Wayne,
Versa Miles, Jeffrey
Hunter.
ROXY and BROADWAY:
"D-Day The Sixth of
June": A wartime love
story. Robert Taylor,
Richard Todd, Edmund
O'Brien, Dana Wynter.
"The King and I": The
successful musical trans-
ferred to the screen.
Deborah Kerr, Yul
Brynner.

and feel that whatever Dr. Morbius says, they must have drifted into it because it is one of the occupations that need no previous training.

It is a far cry from the comparatively adult role he had in "House of Wax" but Leslie Nielsen does his best to be a convincing commander of a space ship, while Walter Pidgeon seems to be positively enjoying himself as the high IQ'd Dr. Morbius who has trouble with his "id". Among the marvels that the eccentric doctor is reluctantly forced to discover to his visitors is a giant robot that can speak 187 languages, run up an evening gown studded with diamonds, plus many other useful accomplishments. His house bristles with gadgets for saving time and making life easier and there is nothing in the outlandish world of Altair-4 that he or his daughter, can wish for that is not theirs at the price of a button.

In spite of Dr. Morbius' attempts to hide his daughter from the profane gaze of the saucer's crew he is unsuccessful. With the naive observation to her father that although he had forbidden her to join his guests and himself for lunch, he had said nothing of coffee, she proceeds to send up the pulse rate of the commander and his crew.

Devotees of science fiction films will know by now that no picture worthy of a place in this category is complete without sundry noises, bleeps and hubbly bubble noises in the background. They will not be disappointed in "The Forbidden Planet". The saucer takes off—bonging. It hovers in the air, accompanied by a high pitched hum, the instrument punched demonstrate their frantic blinking that they are going to very complicated job and life on the asteroid, when it is not being interrupted by the roaring of a "thing" is backed by a variety of sound effects ranging from mere bubbling noises to high pitched whistles.

Nurses' Hearts

Anatomically speaking, "The Feminine Touch" has more to do with the hearts of nurses than their minds.

It starts off by showing a group of student nurses at the start of their training at St. Augustine's Hospital. They all have different reasons for taking up this form of employment—some have a nun-like conviction that this is their vocation, others see it as a

stopping stone to a wealthy husband and others have drifted into it because it is one of the occupations that need no previous training.

All are treated as schoolgirls who must be taught to obey without question the orders, commands, requests and even hints of Sisters, patients and those lofty gods, the doctors.

The blow is softened somewhat for them by an address by the Matron, who in a speech mixing encouragement with understanding, warns them of the disillusionment they will inevitably suffer when they have come to realize that far from being the angels of the wards, they must look forward to hard work and drudgery beyond their most nightmarish imaginings.

A pretty speech, but more suitable for sixth formers than grown women.

The girls react according to their several natures but the only one for whom I had any real sympathy was Delphi Lawrence—and this because she was misused.

The others are all rather vapid creatures, including the much publicised Belinda Lee, whose Delphi Lawrence has qualities that are by no means exploited to their fullest extent in "The Feminine Touch".

There is an intermittent romance between Belinda Lee and George Baker that is a welcome change from the twitting of the girls and of course, towards the end of the film comes the Big Decision—shall Belinda Lee and Delphi Lawrence abandon their careers for Love, Diana Wynyard, preserving the headmistress-pupil relationship, helps them solve their problem with disciplined sighs for her own lost opportunity.

The key to this picture is in the last word of the title. It merely eddies across the surface of the trials and discomforts of nursing, touching lightly on problems that cannot be solved by a few judiciously placed words of wisdom.

But the girls are pretty, the men sure of themselves, the children who appear briefly unaffected, and endearing, and thank goodness nobody croons "The Feminine Touch" while the nurse restores the confidence of the unsuccessful suicide.

Slow Western

A number of people take a fall in "The Proud Ones", but I fall to see the significance of the title.

None of the protagonists seem to possess more than the usual quota of pride and when they fall it is from the time-honoured, falling in the wild west of not being quick enough on the draw, rather than from

Virginia Mayo's part is a very small one in this picture, in fact nobody in it can complain of overwork. It is, in fact, a slow western with too much concentration on the somewhat bovine faces of Robert Ryan and Jeffrey Hunter.

The clichés come thick and fast and although there is plenty of gunsmoke in the inevitable last reel gunfight, the film as a whole lacks fire.

The most interesting character was, as so often happens, the villain.

A portly, Wellesian figure is Robert Middleton, with a voice that seems to call for the sonorous roll of Shakespearean verse rather than the less imposing vapourings of a screen villain.

We are led to believe that Robert Ryan and Robert Middleton have encountered each other before the story of "The Proud Ones" begins, though naturally they have to meet all over again and glare at each other with sufficient venom to get over to us, the poor dumb audience, that the acquaintance was unsatisfactory on both sides.

Jeffrey Hunter, the juvenile lead, has not had the pleasure of his Ryan's company before the story opens, but that doesn't prevent him from narrowing his eyes at him and again giving the audience the broadest of hints that he doesn't find him to his taste.

It seems Ryan killed his Paw! Underlined by the aura of respectability that hovers round Ryan in his position of town marshal, Hunter accuses him of having shot his father down when he wasn't around next to horse stealing, the worst offence against the Code of the Old West—any schoolboy will tell you.

The tale of Old Observer No. 1 goes to that arch purveyor of homspun logic, Walter Brennan. When he's not silently reading the paper while guarding prisoners in the lock up, he's lounging in the doorway of the Marshall's office, sipping all and saying nothing. If one didn't know that Walter Brennan is never allowed to spoil his record by being a bad boy, his actions, or lack of them would be suspicious.

However, his inaction almost pays off for while the rest of the cast are rushing about getting themselves shot all over the place, Brennan survives almost to the last reel. There must be a lesson in this somewhere.

Back Again

The two remaining first run pictures—"Rock Around the Clock" and "The Rawhide Years" were reviewed in last week's column.

Next week the King's and Princess are bringing back "The Conqueror" in which John Wayne, as Genghis Khan, subdues Susan Hayward and a large chunk of Asia with equal aplomb. Susan Hayward supplies the fire and the pouts, while Pedro Armendariz and Agnes Moorehead are equally in character as a Mongol warrior and mother of the hero respectively. Dick Powell directed.

The mid-week picture at the New York and Great World will be "Postmark for Danger", a complicated thriller incorporating all the elements so dear to the hearts of mystery writers—artists, models, blackmailers, diamond smugglers and murderers.

Terry Moore is the girl in the case, Robert Beatty the suspect who couldn't possibly be the mystery man and there are several assorted characters who could, Inspector Colby of Scotland Yard is played by Geoffrey Keen, one of Britain's best character actors.

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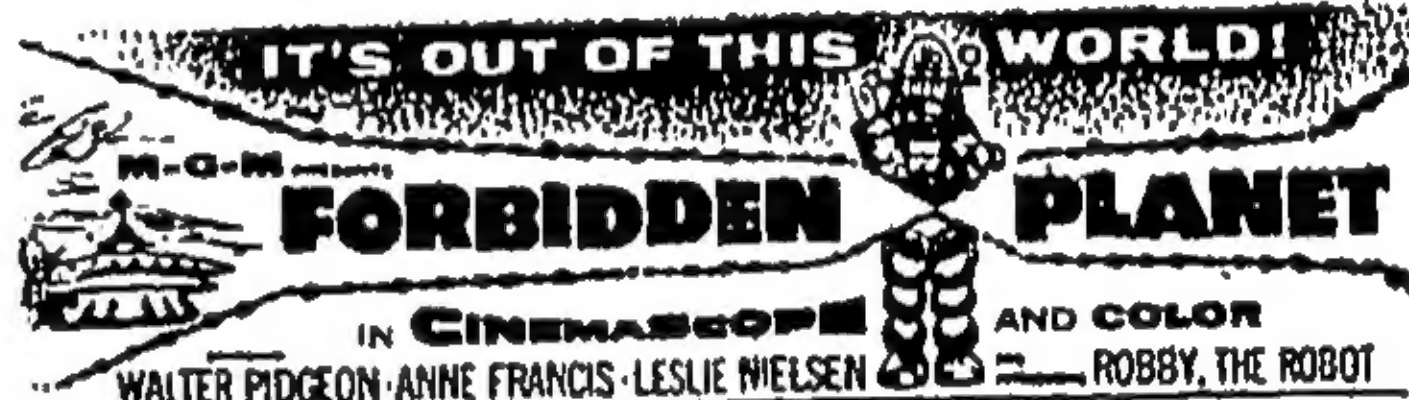
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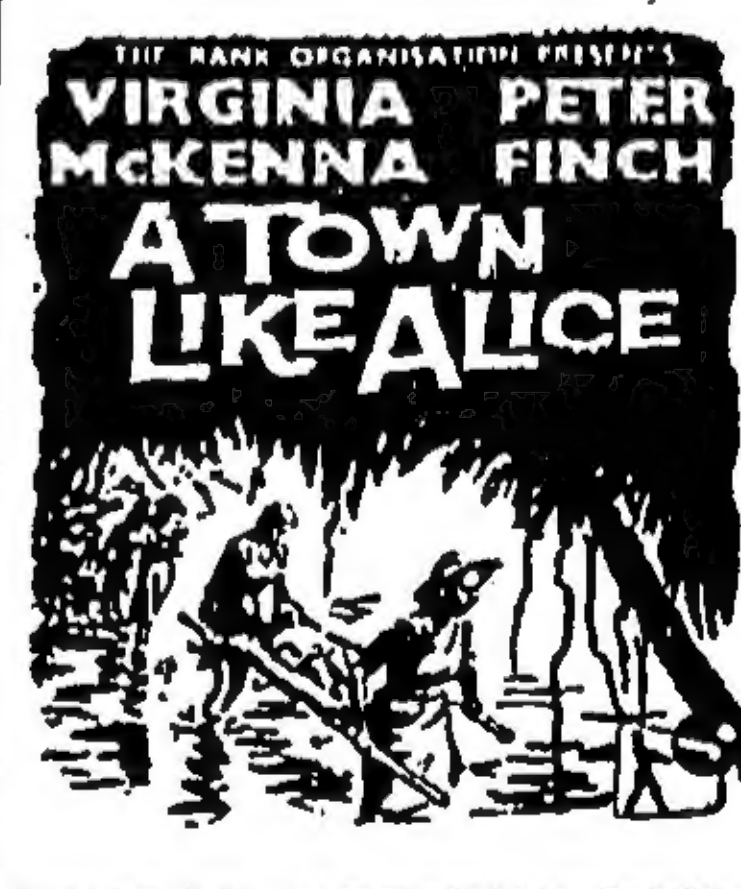
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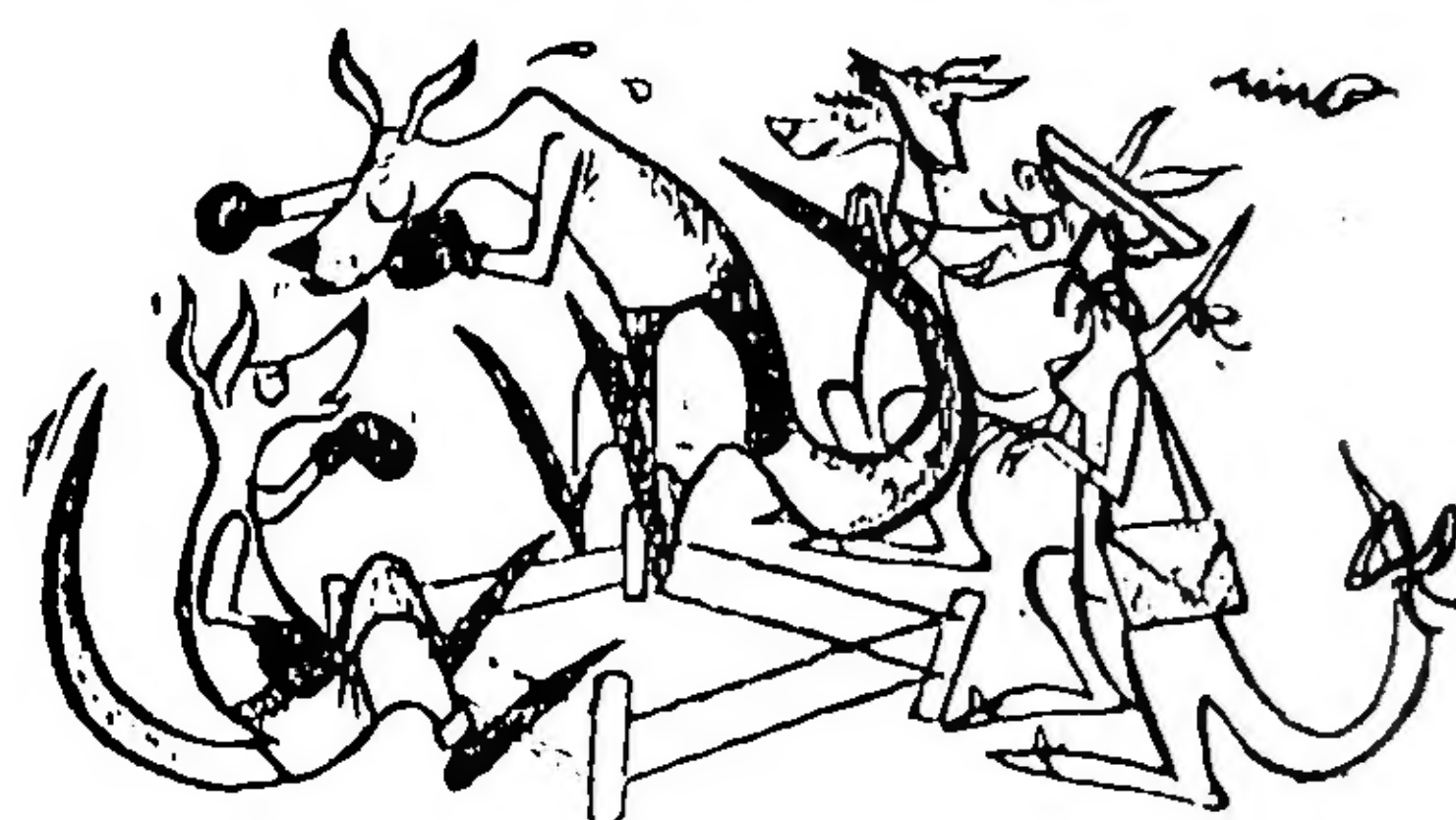
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"King of the Hybor Rifles"



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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

DUEL FOR DOES
ENDS IN A DRAW

PERTH.—Two 6ft. old-man kangaroos fought an hour-long duel this week while their does looked on.

Apparently each wanted to capture the other's does.

The kangaroos clawed at each other with their forepaws and reared up on their tails to slash with their powerful hind legs.

Finally they called it a draw and went off, each with his own doe.

The fight took place on the Busselton property of Mr B. Lightly.

RED INDIANS LOSE
A FIGHTER IN CHIEF
'SHOT BOTH SIDES'

Ottawa. The death of the venerable Head Chief "Shot Both Sides" in Alberta early this year robbed Canada of one of her last history-making "older Canadians."

Eighty-two-year-old, Shor Both Sides, leader of the Blood Indian Reserve, took a unusual number of a skinhead during his early manhood when he was shot at from both sides. He escaped unhurt.

The chief's main claim to fame was that he was present at a young boy's coronation at Treaty No. 7 at Blackfoot Crossing, which put the Indians on the reserve and brought peace to the western plains.

Shor Both Sides, a turn of events in the Sun God and shortly before his death when he embraced Christianity, took the highly respected Blood name of "Old Sun" in his later years.

CHIEF IN 1913

Shor Both Sides' family has held leadership of the Bloods for more than 120 years.

It was the Chief Red Crow who realised that the buffalo would ultimately disappear from his people's hunting grounds and they would have to turn to farming and ranching.

Red Crow signed Treaty No. 7 in 1877.

On Red Crow's death in 1900, his adopted son, Crap Eared Wolf, became chief. He died in 1913 and Shor Both Sides was unanimously declared chief of the Bloods. Shor Both Sides also assumed leadership of the Fish Eaters Band.

The chief was trained in his youth by an old warrior, Bear's Fat, in the arts of war and ceremonies connected with the Sun Dance.

LEASING POLICY

Inspector I. C. Shank of the RCMP, who knew Shor Both Sides, said the chief "would never countenance any infringements on the hereditary rights and possessions of the Blood Indian Band."

"In recent years they adopted a policy of leasing land to southern Alberta farmers and ranchers, and at the present time some 60,000 acres are under lease."

"This provides the Blood Band with a source of income, usually amounting to approximately \$110 per person per year."

"Another source of income is the sale of gas, oil, or gravel rights,"—United Press.

THEY SWIM FOR
THEIR DINNER

London.

Duck racing may be stopped in the little Berkshire village of Grove after 200 years.

It has been an annual event for all that time and is peculiar to Britain.

In the race a duck is put into a dammed stream and chased by men and boys in swimming costumes.

Whoever catches the duck keeps it as a prize.

'LOST TRIBE'
FOUND
IN DESERT

Sydney.

A warlike tribe of handsome fair-skinned warriors, believed to be survivors of an English crusade still inhabit the Libyan desert, said a young Englishwoman who reached Sydney last week by BOAC.

PRIEST
ATTENDED
DYING
AIRMAN

Parents Meet Him
12 Years Later

Edmonton. On July 29, 1941, in the bleak dawn, a 20-year-old former Edmonton high school student died in the flaming wreckage of a Lancaster bomber near Epinal, France.

Twelve years after Peter Biello died in service, a young French student for the priesthood who reached the boy's body minutes after he died, visited Peter's parents, Mr and Mrs P. Biello, in Edmonton.

The Rev. Robert Mougeot described how he saw the St. Laurent bomber burst into flames after a battle with five Luftwaffe fighters at three o'clock in the morning, how he raced across fields to reach the wreckage, and how he was seized, beaten and imprisoned by German troops when they found him over the body of the young bomber.

Peter's parents wrote officials in Chamonix, France, after they were notified of their son's absence in action. The town officials knew what had happened and forwarded the letter to the seminary student. It was a year before Father Mougeot was able to write them that their son was dead.

They kept up the correspondence, and in 1950 when Mr Biello went to visit her son's grave, she stayed for a week with the young priest's parents, before continuing on to Rome.

Gave Him Money

This year a friend gave him the money to travel to Canada. He brought with him to the Biellos a wood-inlaid reproduction of the Lancaster in which their son was killed. The price returned to France early in August.

The only member of the crew to survive the explosion was the pilot, a New Zealander, who suffered a loss of memory after the crash.

The priest described how the plane flew over the village in flames, in an attempt to find a place to crash-land.

"Then its bombs exploded and it crashed in the woods near the village. I ran there right away. I was giving him attention when the German troops came," he said.

"They thought I knew Peter, and thought I was a spy, and tried to make me talk." He was held for three weeks while being questioned.

Now a youth service worker, Father Mougeot works to combat juvenile delinquency in Paris.—United Press.

Playwrights
Can't Use Real
Phone-Numbers

London.

Britain's telephone system today issued a telephone book containing numbers no one will answer. It's for radio and television script writers.

The General Post Office, which controls all communications in Britain, apparently was prompted by the embarrassment suffered earlier this summer of one of Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden's key offices.

One of the figures in a Charles Morgan's thriller mystery play, The Burning Glass, was told: If anything happens, call Whitehall 5422.

After the show the number was deluged by pranksters.

"To avoid any embarrassment that might follow from a live number being accidentally selected (by scriptwriters)," the General Post Office announced, "arrangements have been made that in future all telephone numbers quoted in scripts shall be selected from a list provided by the Post Office."

Footnote: Whitehall 5422 is the British Cabinet Office.

TALL FAIR

When we were about 300 miles out of Tripoli we met up with members of this lost tribe known as the Taurigs.

"The people are tall, fair, and the men are bearded."

"The story goes that they are survivors of an English crusade which became lost en route to the Holy Land hundreds of years ago."

"The tribesmen have been hunters but became their trading to their own people."

"They did not meet in any way."

ROCK CARVINGS

"The language examples of which have been carved deep into the rock of the desert."

"It is a proud race, and they believe farming to be beneath their dignity."

"They are in danger of extinction as law and order clamp down on their raiding—that is, if they don't change their attitude."

WHY HE LIKES
THE WELFARE
STATE

London.

James Patrick Jenkins told a local court here he didn't work because he could make almost as much money by staying on unemployment compensation payments.

Jenkins, arrested for not paying bills, said he had been offered jobs at £7 a week but was no longer in taking them as long as he continued to get £5-10-0 weekly in unemployment pay.—United Press.

RUSSIAN
ROULETTE
ON
THE ROAD

Bristol.

British teen-agers don't usually have cars like many of their American counterparts, so they can't play games like "Chicken."

But with teen-age ingenuity they invented a substitute just as dangerous and almost as much fun, a couple of zealous motorists told a local court here yesterday.

"Chicken" is the name where two cars are driven at each other and the first driver to swerve away from a head-on collision is called "Chicken."

The British version is called "Za-Za," and it's played by pack-boys and unsavory motorists.

The youths walk out on to busy streets during cars to knock them down. The traffic must be fast-moving and if the contestant jumps for his life, he's called "Za-Za."

It means "yellow," the court was told.—United Press.

RIP VAN
(deep sea)
WINKLE
SLEPT ON

New York.

A 20th-Century "Rip Van Winkle" recently told of one of the most amazing escapes in sea history.

Robert L. Hudson, 35-year-old New Orleans merchant seaman, slept on aboard the doomed Andrea Doria as the Italian flagship was rammed by the Stockholm.

When he awoke five and a half hours later, his floating, deserted tourist-class cabin was 50ft. below the water's surface.

But he escaped — the last passenger to leave the 30,000-ton liner alive. Said he: "I must be the world's soundest sleeper."

Hudson, injured during a Mediterranean gale, was given a free ticket home by his employers and boarded the Andrea Doria at Gibraltar.

Not a soul

He said: "I went to bed early. I slept like a log. At five in the morning I woke up. I was slightly startled to find myself sleeping on a bulkhead in a pool of water. The cabin was tilting at a crazy angle."

The liner's passengers and crew—excepting Captain Piero Calamai and 11 others—had been taken to safety more than an hour earlier.

Added Hudson: "A deathly silence hung over the ship. I crawled along more than 300ft. of passages littered with baggage and furniture."

"There wasn't a soul in sight. It was eerie and frightening. I got a bit panicky."

"I worked my way to the stern and up to the main deck—but there was no one. The captain and his men were forward, but I didn't know until later."

He walked into the water, lapping the main deck, and hung to a cargo net until a lifeboat spotted him.

Girls Warned Off
JOBS
ON
ICE

SOME GIRLS JUST CAN'T RESIST THE WHISTLE OF A 130 M.P.H. ANTARCTIC GALE.

Each year at this time they picture themselves in scarf and snow boots, spending a year with a bunch of tough bearded scientists on a job that is of tremendous importance to Australia.

It's the call of the Great Deep Freeze—working with ANARE at the Australian perch on the world's frozen underbelly about 4,500 miles south-west of Sydney.

14 Jobs Going

ANARE (the Australian Antarctic Research Expedition) is now advertising for "temporary public servants" to join the 1957 expedition on that will sail next December in the rugged little ice ship, Kista Dora.

Fourteen jobs are vacant, varying from physical exchange to direct machine operation to cook, as Mawson, Vint, Hill, (a new base) and Macquarie Island.

But the girls who are writing to the ANARE's quiet office in Collins Street, Melbourne, should save themselves the trouble.

There is no room for women in Antarctica—at least, not right now.

Many Apply

Here is what Mr P. G. Law, director of ANARE, said: "We get applications every year from women to join the expedition—some of them with the right technical qualifications."

"We must refuse them, of course. It's a man's job down south."

Mr Law has had to say "no" even to his own attractive wife, who is a talented artist. Mrs Law wanted to take her canvas and brushes to paint the icebergs.

However there's no labour shortage for the Antarctic. "Usually we get 300 applications," Mr Law said. "This year, with interest in the 1957-58 geographical year so high, I expect the response to be greater than ever."

Apart from the technical skills that may be required there is one big qualification necessary for life at 60-4 below zero:—

No City Slickers

The pure city-bred type (male) is equally as anathema to Mr Law as the female applicant.

"We must have men with some experience with nature in the raw."

"We'd spend all our time looking after a man who only knew the city."

And men who apply to go south for "domestic reasons" are just as big a risk.

"The man who is trying to get away from his wife is the last person we can afford," he said. "The whole success of Australia's Antarctic venture depends on a happy team."

Mr Law, dark eyed and sharp bearded (just the sort of explorer you can picture battling against a blizzard) will be making his eleventh trip to the Antarctic when he leads the expedition in December.

REMAINS OF
GIANT (BC)
BEAR FOUND

Mondovi.

A local professor today completed reconstruction of the skeleton of a species of cave bear which vanished from the earth thousands of years ago.

The bones were by a local parish priest in the famed Bossa Grottoes near this Alpine village. It was believed the bear was trapped in the cave when ice swept over Europe and blocked the cave.

The skeleton, as put together by Prof. Don Filippi, is 9ft 8ins tall.—United Press.

THEY HOPE TO SOLVE A
DAWN CHORUS PUZZLE

Sydney.

Before dawn sleepy suburbanites hear the roosters' crow—the "dawn chorus."

NOW RUSSIANS MAKE
SUPER-SPEED CAMERA
2.5 Million Frames A Second

Ottawa.

Russia is manufacturing a camera that shoots 2.5 million frames a second, according to the Soviet Embassy's news bulletin.

The camera, put on display at USSR Agricultural and Industrial exhibitions, is known as the S.F.R.

Designed and built by the electric instruments laboratory of the Chemical Physics Institute of the USSR Academy of Sciences, the camera is being manufactured by the Krasnogorsk machinery plant which introduced several improvements during the designing stage.

"If you want to get a better idea of the speed of the camera's shutter," the news bulletin said, "divide in your mind one second into two-and-a-half million parts and bring home to yourself that all that has taken place in that instant can be exactly reproduced on film, paper or movie screen."

NOT LARGE

The bulletin said the camera was not large, was convenient to handle and dependable in operation.

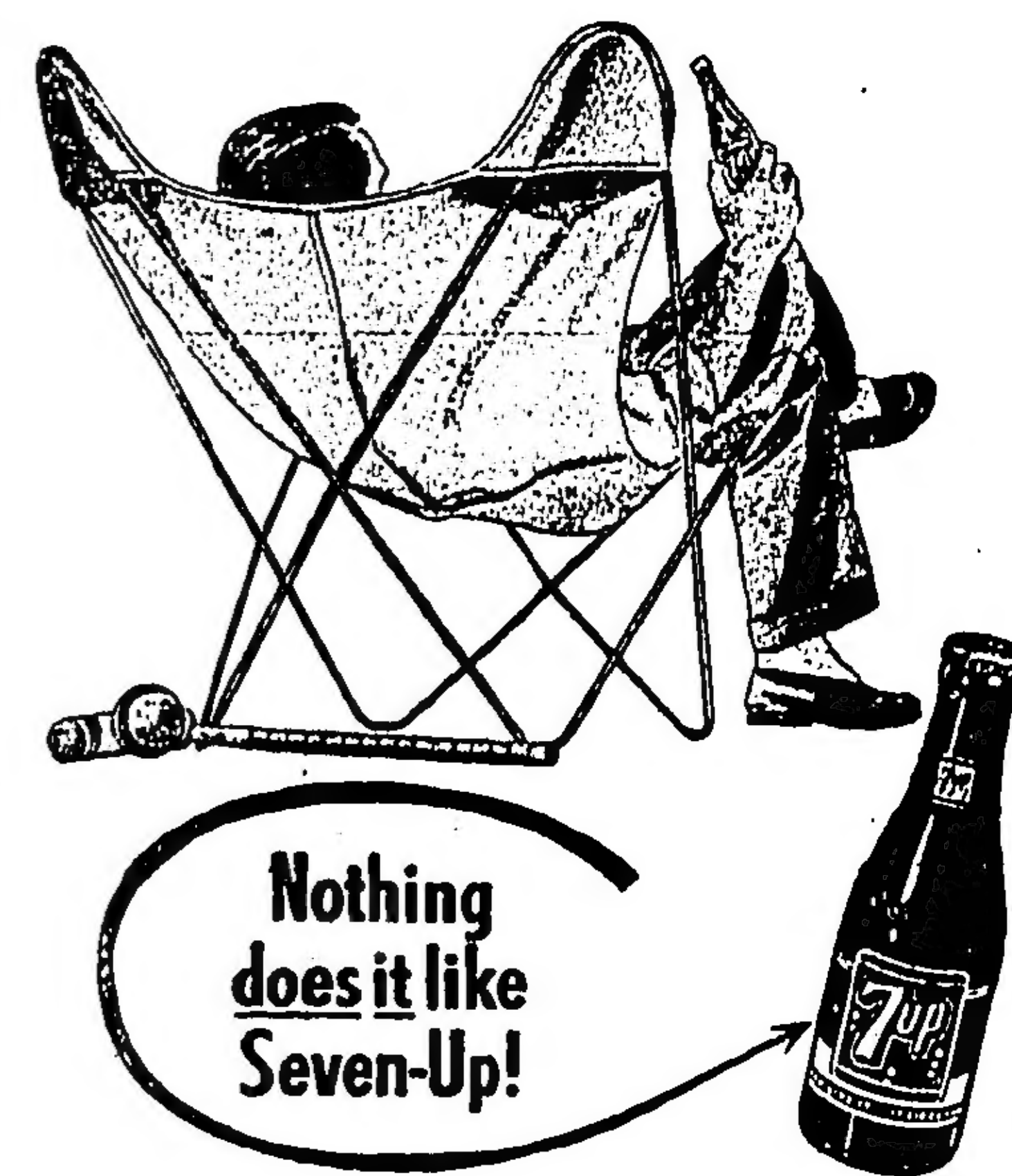
The S.F.R. has three main units: a photographing outfit, a control panel and a lens. The lenses have a focus of 210 mm. to two meters. This made possible large scale surveys with the camera over a distance of six miles.

The shutter's speed comes from a system of special lenses, blades and a mirror which move at 3,000 to 75,000 revolutions per minute.

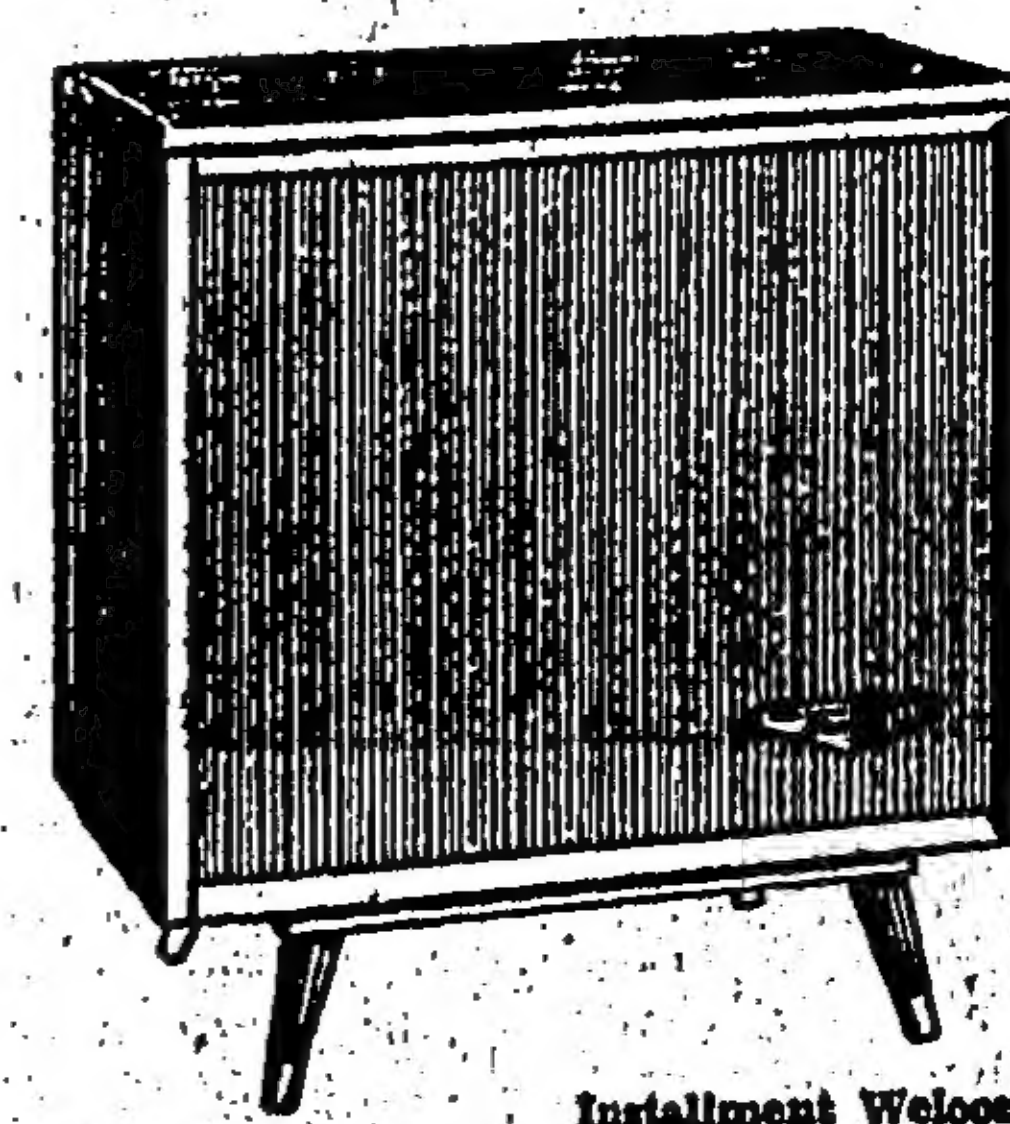
The report said the camera's control panel was equipped with automatic and electronic control installations, ensuring high accuracy of time measurement and synchronization of the operation of the whole outfit.

Detachable lenses made it possible to use the instrument in two ways—as a photographing recorder of a process as it goes on or as a time

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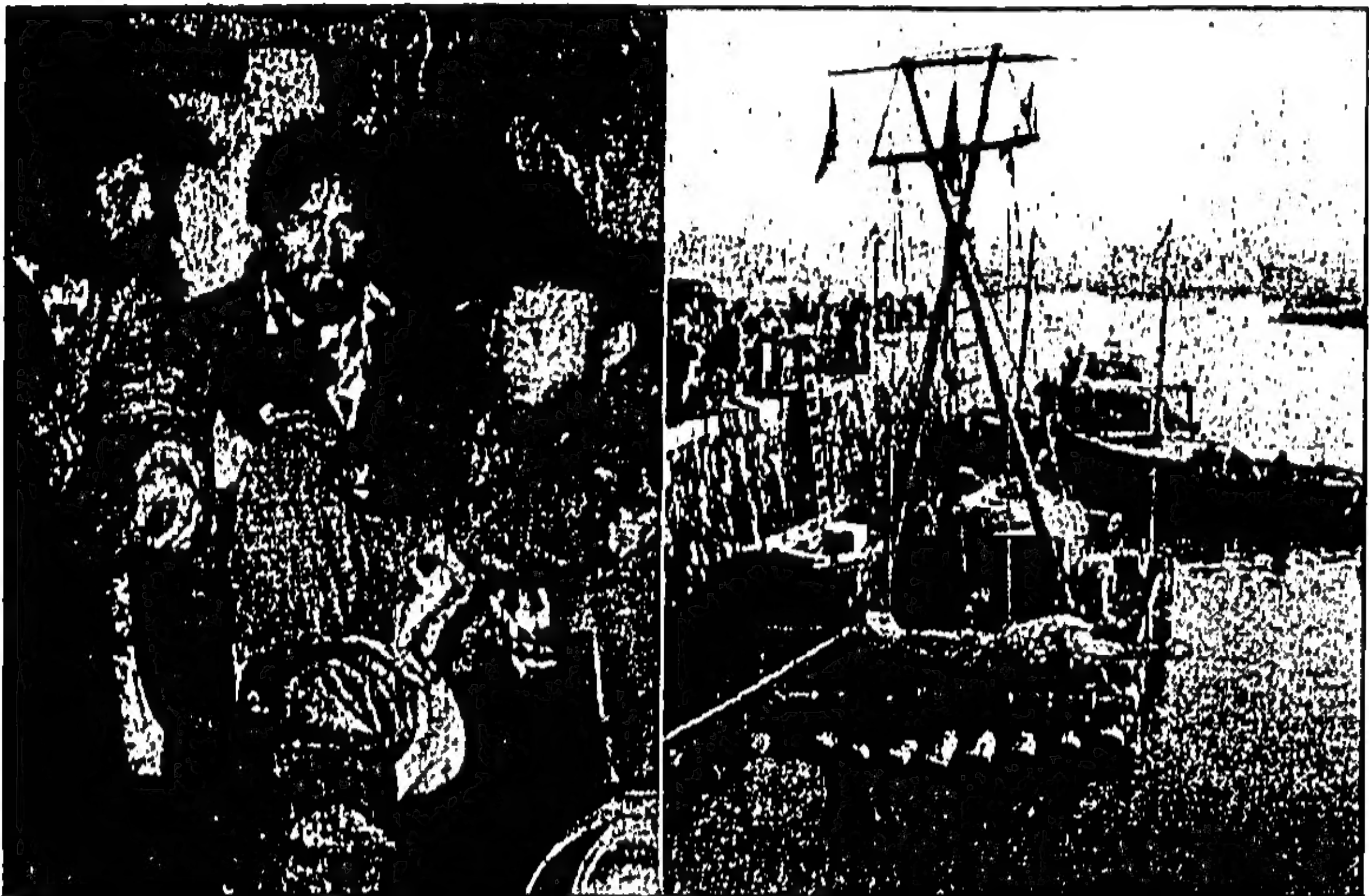
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Installation Welcomed



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret in Edinburgh's Usher Hall, attending the opening concert of the 10th Edinburgh International Festival. Conducting the orchestra—the Royal Philharmonic—was Sir Thomas Beecham. (Express)



ON the 89th day after setting out from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on a Kon-Tiki style expedition 3,000 miles across the Atlantic to England, three French-Canadians reached their goal. They were starving as their raft, L'Egar II (The Lost One) drifted near the English coast. A lifeboat towed it into Falmouth. Right: The raft. Left: Marc Modena, skipper Henri Beaudot and Gaston Vanarkeer. (Express)



TWO Englishmen expelled from Egypt recently pictured on their arrival at Liverpool, England. Mr H. L. Peuleve, left, was assistant manager of the Shell refinery at Suez, and Mr Arthur Hawke was the refinery's service engineer. (Express)



THE romance of 29-year-old Antony Brown was slightly interrupted by his decision to join the Oxford-Cambridge Far Eastern Expedition. With five companions he drove 18,000 miles from London to Singapore through desert, jungle and mountain country, and back again. Now, almost a year later, he's back in England with a ruby engagement ring for 24-year-old Pamela Jones. There's Antony on extreme left with his companions in London. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



NOW in London is Sheikh Isa Bin Sulman Khalifah, 24-year-old son of the oil-and-pearl-rich ruler of Bahrain and heir to a major share of the ruler's £3,000,000 a year income. Said he: "We have been allied with England for a long time and want to remain so. We like England very much and hope to be back often." (Express)



WEDDING picture of Clare Grose and RAF Flying Officer Hedley Molland, named "miracle escape pilot" after he baled out nearly five miles above the sea at 700 miles an hour. He went out of control in a supersonic dive. He met Clare at the Ipswich hospital where he recovered. He broke an arm and his pelvis in the accident. (Express)



A Brigade command post, built to give the impression of being underground, is on display at the Radio Show in Earl's Court, London. It is complete with all its communications equipment including telephones, the Brigadier's wireless set and radio-telephone exchange. (Army News)



MR John Cremer, 75-year-old retired civil servant recently kidnapped by Cyprus terrorists and held for more than three days before being released, is pictured on his arrival at London Airport from Nicosia. (Express)

LEFT: Gilbert Beale, wealthy, 87-year-old bachelor, has built a fantastic, centrally heated pavilion in memory of his parents on his 400-acre farm off the main London-Oxford road at Basildon, Berkshire. Mr Beale is standing by the ornate fountain. The pavilion is in the background. (Express)

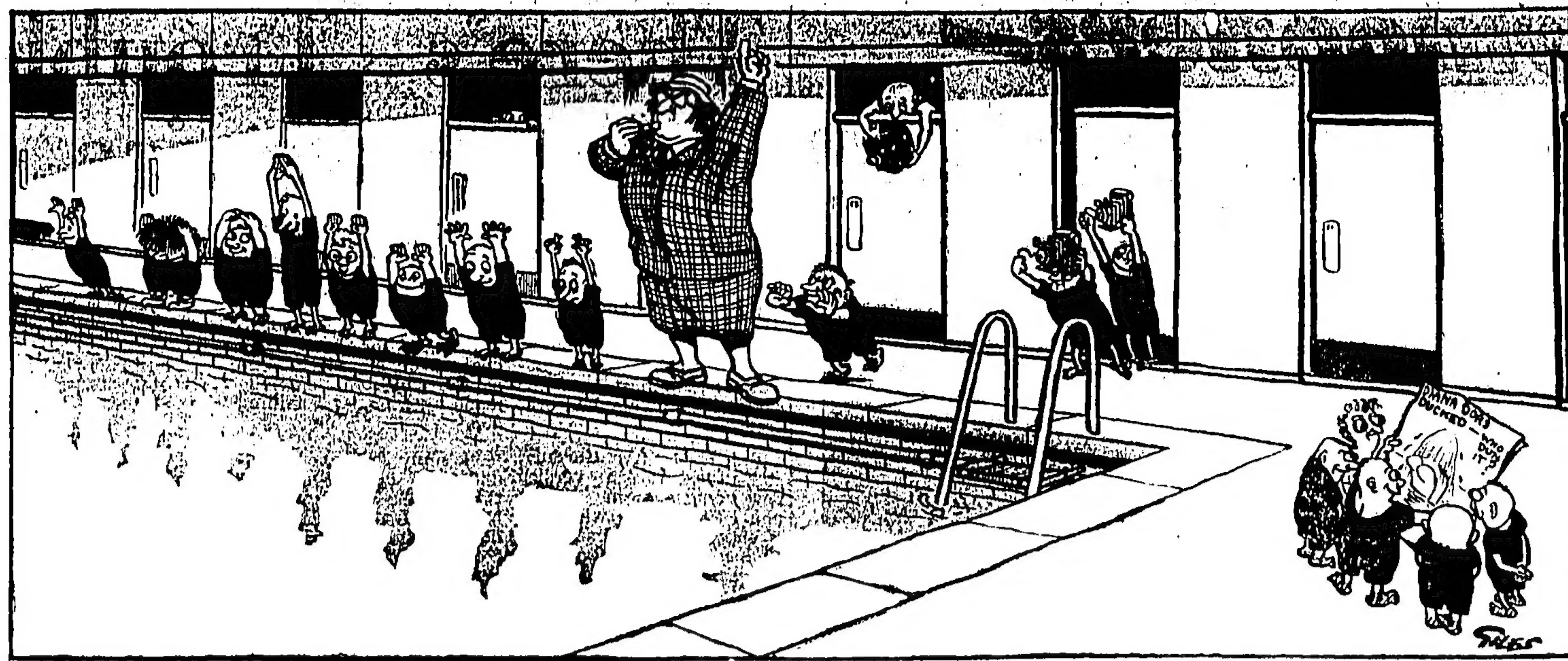
NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES





"O.K., in she goes"

BRITAIN'S BLOODLESS REVOLUTION

1956 AND ALL THAT

A TREMENDOUS revolution has taken place in Britain during this century, a revolution as significant for the individual, though vastly different in its impact, as the industrial revolution of the 19th century.

It is, in fact, the greatest bloodless social revolution in the world's history, its momentum, slow at first, surging forward in the last decade to embrace us all in the well-nourished, strongly protective arms of the Welfare State.

A good thing, of course, a fine thing, but—a little too fast and a little too all-embracing?

Two great influences

TALK with a few social workers and what will you hear? Again and again the same theme: "Oh, yes, everyone has more of everything except a sense of responsibility."

Two sets of initials dominate the social picture today: H.P. and TV. Millions are living in Never-never Land, almost everything being paid for weekly, even the clothes some of them are wearing, and of course, the television set.

Why shouldn't the people enjoy these things? They work for them; and many so recently fought for them too.

Yes, you will hear that very reasonable argument often enough. And it is perfectly true that vast numbers of people contrive to keep up the payments and not to run into any serious trouble. But there is a substantial and growing minority who either cannot or will not attempt to cope intelligently with the new prosperity. Whatever their income, it is wholly committed, so that if Dad is ill for only a few days disaster overwhelms the family.

Most disturbing

THE same is true of Mum, come to that. There are 8,372,000 married women working today, 46 percent of all women in employment. And from this fact emerges one of the most disturbing social problems of the day—the large numbers of babies, toddlers and school-children deprived of their mothers' day-by-day care.

Hence, say the psychiatrists, the "Teddy-boys," the girls who "go wrong," the misfits.

And what a difference television has made in the nation's social habits! A good thing? Of course it is



JOHN MARSHALL

John Marshall introduces a new series to show Britons as they really are...a candid close-up of modern times

and something to put in the new (H.P.) cocktail cabinet. And the result is that an undue proportion of the fabulous sums devoted to welfare generally, and the valuable time of far too many members of the huge, paid and unpaid army of social workers is being devoted to dealing with the feckless, the reckless, and the couldn't care less.

The real picture

I WILL try to show the picture as it appears to me—the picture of the people of these islands from ever more healthy infancy to ever-lengthening old age. Disfavourable measures announced by the Government since my survey started may well alter that picture as time goes on; but there has been no material change yet.

I can only report what has been happening in the immediate past, not what may or may not happen in the imponderable future.

Millions of families in Britain—yes, I mean the whole family—are living on tick. Almost everything they possess is being paid for by the week. So, with their several earnings fully committed before each one picks up his or her pay packet, all are perpetually on the brink of disaster.

Does it matter? It is a Welfare State, isn't it? If anything goes wrong they'll be provided for, won't they? So say the feckless, the reckless, and the couldn't-care-less. While they are in this welfare-lulled condition of semi-consciousness, along comes the tally-man. "What? You haven't got a washing-machine? A lady in your position! Only a few bob a week. You won't miss that, and think of the drudgery you'll save. Just sign here."

Having it easy

OH dear, in so many districts I have heard about the tally-man, though they don't always call him that. He was having it easy until Mr Macmillan's last bonfire of the old. Now he has to be more artful, more persuasive, with his dodgy little "credit" schemes (Hire-purchase? Cool Whatever's that?). But he is still luring the foolish to the brink. One tally-man, in an industrial area, boasted that he could get rid of a pensioner's bundle of 25 blankets at 5s. a week in one day.

New debts are the tally-man's happy hunting-ground. Young wives, newly arrived, lonely, and a bit scared, are easy prey. In unhappy confusion they sign a paper, discovering too late that they are committed not to a dollar a week, as they had believed from the patter, but for much, much more.

I have been given hundreds of examples of never-never misery. There was the wife who, when the showdown came, owed £215 in hire-purchase debts, one item being an £18 10s. camera. Another was found to have committed herself to £8 a week. Her husband earned £7.

In terror

A THIRD, in her terror, tried to commit suicide in a scullery full of unpaid-for amenities, including the stove which was to have been her exit route. Happily she was saved to learn the sombre facts of domestic budgeting.

Hire-purchase muddles loom at or near the top in the list of all human troubles taken to the Citizens' Advice Bureaux. The silly pathetic story is so often the same.

It starts with furniture, bedding, a fridge for the new home; then Dad, earning more than ever before, acquires a motor-bike and sidocar or even a motor-car (also on H.P.), after which Mum finds she must have a washing-machine and a cooker and the whole family demand TV (they are already paying for a radiogram).

All of a sudden it is disastrously out of hand with all the essentials neglected: rent, rates, food bills. They can't give up their new luxuries, which have already become necessities, so they switch on the tele and hope for the best.

Before the Welfare army can march to the relief of Futility they are evicted. Mum and the kids go "into care." Dad, who for some reason best known to officialdom is ineligible for this sanctuary, goes into digs.

The Welfare lads and lassies sweep in trying to bring them all together again and teach them how to budget; and they quite often succeed.

Basic facts

TWO basic facts emerge everywhere—many housewives enjoying the new prosperity are quite incapable of budgeting; and the majority of wives do not know what their husbands are earning. Working wives must have a rough idea, but they do not get it from the old man.

Here is rather extreme example from my notebook. When Mrs S. was found with her five children in a filthy, squashed, basement room in a coastal town regarded as pretty high class, she said her husband gave her only £23 a week out of the £25 he earned.

The family wife Welfare workers find a rare, which was not surprising in such surround-

ings. They found that the husband had been earning £9 a week and converting the odd four into fiery liquor.

Like Dutch uncles (and aunts) they talked to him. Now Tiny Tim (the youngest) can say "God bless us all" with a joyful heart, for thirsty Mr S. is a reformed character, giving the little woman £7 a week with which to run a new home found and furnished for them.

But let us return to the H.P. problem for the family uncomplicated by gross intemperance. And let us take the Snooks family as a typical example of so many in Never-never Land today.

Dad works in a factory earning, with overtime, £19 a week. His son Bill, also a factory worker, makes £15 a week, daughter Doris (20) £9 as a shorthand-typist and Mum £4 for part-time work in a store.

They live in a small house on a prewar estate outside London, paying 22s 6d. a week rent.

Well, let us see where the money goes. Dad is giving Mum £5 a week and of the rest £4 goes on H.P. for the car, £2 on running it £2 on furniture, £1 on the cocktail cabinet (kept well stocked not because any of them are tipplers but to impress friends), £1 on the pool, and the rest on incidentals such as smokes (20 or so a day), beer (average three to four pints), and a few bob each-way bets.

Bill pays Mum £3 and the rest goes like this: £2 on the motor-bike and 15s. on running it, 25s. on a camera and a gold wrist watch, 10s to the credit tailor, 12s. pictures, 16s. dancing (including treating the girl friend), 8s. pools and the rest on smokes (20-25 daily at 3s. 8d. for 20), beer (generally half-a-dozen light ales, sometimes more), canteen lunches, occasional visits to the "dags," football, etc.

Cosmetics

DORIS gives Mum £2, spends £2 on cosmetics, hair-dos, and nylons, £1 10s. for a wrist watch (diamonds) and jewellery, 10s. pictures, 15s. (average) clothes, 18s. cigarettes (ten a day) and sweets 4s. dancing (the evening the boy friend doesn't take her) the rest on fares, meals, fripperies, etc.

So Mum has a total of £14, out of which she pays the rent, buys the food—average £2 meat, £3 10s. groceries, £1 5s. dairy, £1 5s. fruit and veg. 18s. heating, lighting, cooking (more in cold snaps) 5s. soaps, etc.

Then, via H.P. there vanishes £23 10s. for carpets, curtains, blankets, washing-machine, and fridge.

What's left is spent on the cinema (once a week), smokes, clothes, fares. They are a united family, and when anything awakens and totally unexpected, such as income tax, crops up they muck in and find it somehow.

It was also for them all to be able to have everything... So this Dad's accident was a fearful shock. After five days in bed he confessed that he was "feeling" and had no idea how he could keep things going in

the Health money, even with National Assistance as well.

Happily for the Snookses the H.P. people were considerate (as they often are—and let me emphasise most firms are reputable) and held off till Dad was better again. Now the Snookses are trying to catch up—and spending the lot as before.

The welfare for all system proves a blessing in many a deserving case. But in others it puts a premium on thrift.

(COPYRIGHT)

MONDAY:

TV the Great Dictator.

THE RED DEAN: "GOOD SHOW"

From RUSSELL SPURR—who tells of a strange meeting and an even stranger show in URUMCHI, China

I COULDN'T resist saying "Dr Hewlett Johnson, I presume?" There was I, a travel-stained journalist, a third of the way round a 12,000-mile tour of China.

There was the 82-year-old Red Dean with his wife and two schoolgirl daughters on the latest leisurely lap of his Communist-financed holiday trip to Peking.

He looked surprised. Englishmen are a phenomenon in Urumchi, capital of Sinkiang province. "Good show," said the dean.

He was not referring to our meeting, but to the meeting place. We were in the florid new National Theatre digesting a drum-beating, fiddle-screaming concert of tribal folk music.

The Archabbot

"There is the Archabbot of Canterbury," said my Chinese guide, as Dr Hewlett Johnson walked in amid loud applause.

The audience stood up to see the man they vaguely believed was head of the Church of England.

The Red Dean clapped back Communist-style, waved, and smiled benignly. He wore black, a clerical collar, and an ornate silver cross swinging from a silver neckchain.

The performance began with a choir of men in aquamarine pink and green, and men in double-breasted red suits.

A soloist sang painfully and at length from a song book. They were accompanied by a band drummer, flautist, one-string fiddler, and a man with a miniature banjo. The songs were patriotic and dull.

A poorly pigtailed girl in snicker-length velvet gown arrived. She sang too. There was hesitant applause.

It was not until all the patriots in jackboots and cloaks and women in vivid silk pajamas leaped on to the stage that the fun began.

The drummers beat frantic rhythms with their finger-tips, the flutes and fiddles played anguished contests with shrill-voiced singers.

It was barbarous and exciting; a mixture of Scherezade and The Third Man.

Beautiful blue-robed girls did a whirling dance that demagogued better than any folk-book the strange cultural mixtures of this melting-pot province.

One minute they were Chinese court dancers delicately posturing with head and hand, the next, frenzied descendants of the Mongol horsemen, who rode roughshod from China to Europe in the Golden Horde of Genghis Khan.

The pioneers

Urumchi might be a town straight from the Wild West. A saloon and a couple of bow-legged cowpunchers would complete the illusion.

Instead, there are earnest pioneers pouring in from China by the truckload to throw up buildings and break the virgin soil.

The girls clicked chopsticks on china saucers as they danced, the orchestra sang and shouted encouragement like any South American band. Roberto Indez would be a smash hit here—provided he left his instruments out all night in the rain.

"We've got used to the rhythms," Dr Hewlett Johnson told me between acts. "I've had a week in Soviet Moscow, republics near here following our week in Moscow. Now we are going on to see the reconstruction work in China."

The curtain went up again. The entire company sang some soft, sad song that seemed to have caught the sound of winter wind sighing across lonely deserts.

Then they stood up—not for applause, but to clap loudly themselves. It was a minute or two before I realised they were applauding the dean.

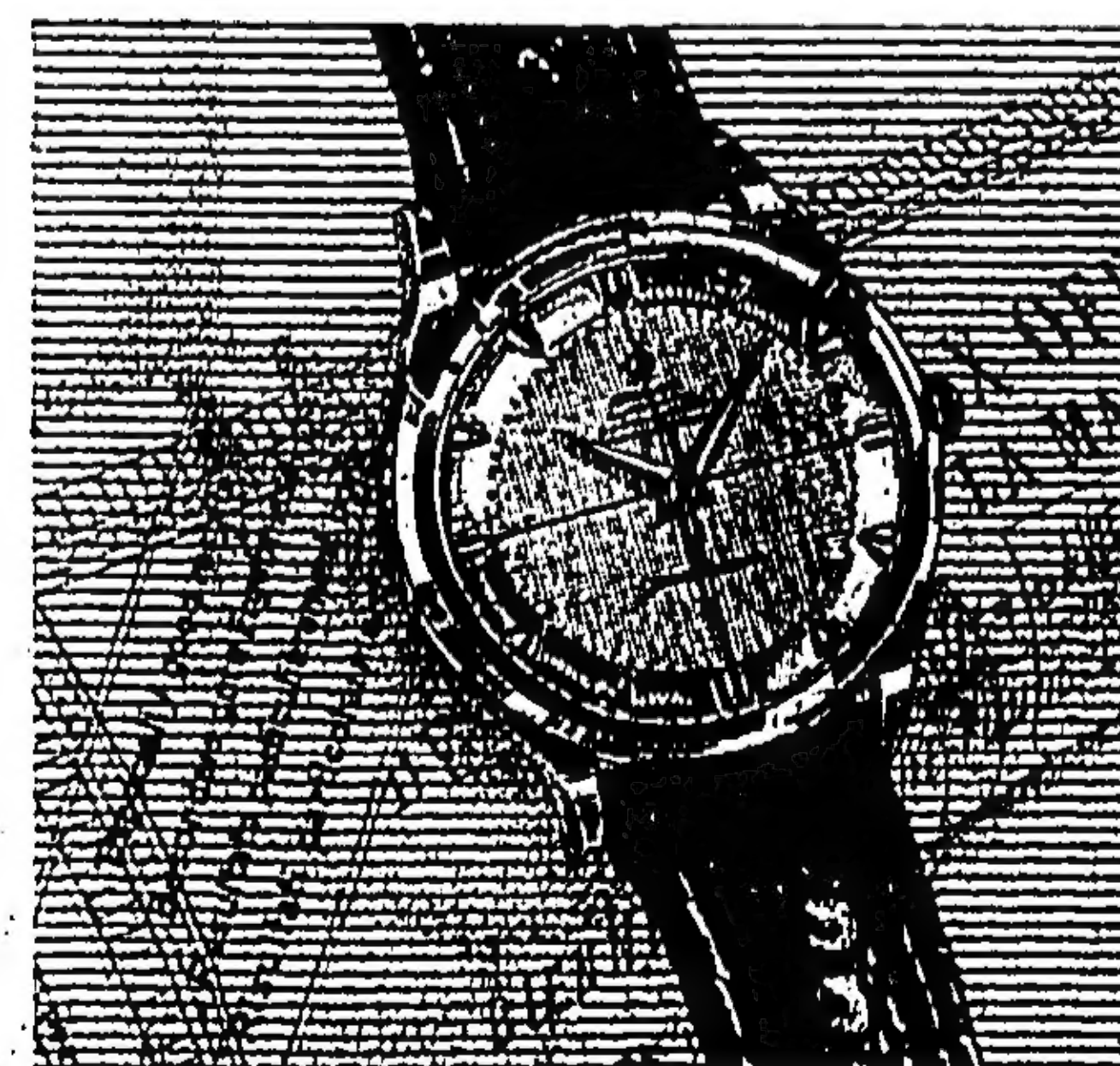
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The Honeymooners— nearly 20 years after

Velden (Austria), Aug. 25
TINY Austrian lake-
side village that took
two honeymooners to
its heart almost 20 years
ago saw them again today.
People said: "They look
happier than ever."

by Sydney Smith

The second honey-
mooners: the Duke and
Duchess of Windsor, who
in the year of crisis and
controversy, 1937, took
their honeymoon refuge in
the isolated Castle of
Wasserleonberg.

Velden - am - Worthsee
was then the 2,200-popu-



AND IN 1956

tion lakeside village of the
castle, where the Duchess
came to do her shopping.

Velden in that year
already had a record holiday
attendance of 12,000
visitors. But in the year
after the famous honey-
moon the figures doubled to
more than 24,000. This
year it topped 50,000.

That honeymoon made
Velden what it calls itself
today—"The Riviera of
Austria."

Today the honeymooners were
back for 17 hours on the
way from Vienna to Venice.

Outside the 15th century
Schloss Hotel overlooking the
lake the Velden holidaymakers
gathered. The official tourist
figures show that 32 percent of
them were British. How they
had heard that the Duke and
Duchess of Windsor were due
at anyone's guess. It was sup-
posed to be secret.

Then up drove the conveyance
from Vienna.

They looked a very happy,
easy-going couple as they
waved to everyone in Austrian
and German municipalities and
their wives and children.

Along the road from Vienna
the Duke and Duchess had

stopped for lunch at a country
pub where they met a conch-
load of London tourists.

They had lunch alongside
them. And the Duke slipped
away and made a quiet tour
around their big bus just to see
how they had travelled.

At the Schloss (their honey-
moon hotel) they moved in

through the cheering crowds to
drink a cup of tea (served
from the Duke's own luggage).
The Duchess told me: "This
is not a honeymoon visit—
we didn't plan it like that. But
it has wonderfully happy asso-
ciations for us," and she waved
her hands towards the lake and
the mountains.

Said the Duke: "Outside
France, where we live, we had
the warmest welcome in
Austria. Yes, I suppose it
is because of the associations of
our honeymoon. But it was
like this everywhere in Austria."
This morning, one hour be-
fore they left, the one main
street—a street that never was
before. The honeymoon was
packed with people waiting to
see them pass.

Before they left the Schloss
Hotel they received a whole
delegation. Not of officials,
not people who technically
matter.

They were, as the Duke told
me, "Old servants from before
the war who had paid their way
from all over Austria to come
and say 'Hello' to us."

There was one old man who
had come from as far away as
Lanz. There were maids,
drivers, and gardeners.

Among them was the girl
who, on the honeymoon trip,
had travelled up the mountain-
side three times a week for
four months to dress the
Duchess's hair. She is Enny
Muller, and she spent 20
minutes with them this morning.

Now Enny Muller, as well
as the owner of the Schloss
Hotel, Madame Dr Elsa Bohn,
both have a right to say how
they found the pair.

Hundreds of Enny says: "On
three days the Duchess looked
much older than the Duke.
Today it is the other way round.
She looks much younger than
he does. And they both look
much younger than they did
then."

In Bohn, of the Schloss
Hotel, says: "When they came
here on their honeymoon they
were much younger, of course,
but they were much happier.
Today they are so relaxed, and
we think so much happier."

As I say, it was The Honey-
moon that gave Velden pos-
sibility. Velden's return is that
it has given the honeymooners
happiness.



THE WINDSORS AT VELDEN... IN 1937



DORIA SHAFIK

I SHOULD not be
telling this story if the
woman it is about had
not insisted I tell it.

Remember Doria Shafik,
the Mrs Pankhurst of
Egypt? She is the woman
who led an assault of one
thousand women on the
Egyptian Parliament and
trapped the members inside
for three and a half hours;
the woman who led 14
other women on an eight-
day hunger strike for
emancipation and won her
votes for women within
hours of what was certain
death by starvation.

She is the one person
every woman in Egypt is
wondering about. Why

"I am the only woman in
Egypt who refuses to
recognise Colonel Nasser. I
refuse to recognise him
because I love my freedom,"
she told me.

The only one

"When my friends tell
me that I am the only one
to oppose him I say 'No, I
am the only one who is not
afraid to say I oppose him.'"

I cannot tell you what a
courageous thing this is to
say in Egypt today. This is
an Egypt where there is a
dangerous and developing
dictatorship where I myself
have been threatened with
being beaten up. In an
Egypt which is passing
rapidly to a slick 20th
century dictatorship on the

Person model, a woman like
Doria Shafik stands in
stark relief for personal
ideals and liberty.

"We, the intelligentsia of
Egypt, supported the revo-
lution at first because we
knew that Farouk had to
go," she said, "but now I
know it is dangerous and
we are losing our liberty."

"They know what I think.
It is nothing new to them.
They told me they wanted
me to head a popular de-
monstration of 40,000
women and go to Colonel
Nasser and thank him for
the revolution. I said: 'How
can you know there will be
40,000 women if it is a
spontaneous demonstration?'"

A great failure

"They knew if I was
there I could make it one
million women, but I would
not go and the demonstra-
tion was a great failure."

Rich, educated at the Sor-
bonne, with a husband who
is Egypt's outstanding
lawyer, and two little
daughters, Madame Shafik
is typical of the Egyptian
woman who has everything
in the midst of some 10

million women who have
nothing.

The Egyptian woman is
the most underprivileged
woman in the world. She
can be divorced in literally
a flash and be left with
children to support and no
means of appeal—and no
means of employment either.

Or she can undergo the in-
tense humiliation of having her
husband bring another young
woman into the house as his
second wife, or even find herself
relegated into slavery as he
brings a third or fourth wife.

Her magazine

In 1945, Madame Shafik,
who holds a doctorate of
philosophy from the Sorbonne,
started her first magazine called
The New Woman.

A year later she began an-
other more popular magazine
called Daughters of the Nile, on
two pages of which—true to
women's magazine tradition—
were readers' problems.

"From those letters—and
remember only a fraction of
women in Egypt can read and
write—I knew how our women
suffered. There were no laws
protecting women."

So began Madame Shafik's
great fight. Mobs attacked the
lecture room where she spoke.
She and her 14 friends went on
hunger strike because the new
revolution constitution did not
give women the right to vote or
be members of Parliament.

The Dancing Major, Saad
Saem threatened to throw
them through the windows of
the office where they held food-
less court.

"But," said Madame Shafik,
"I could not think of anything
but the women of Egypt. Per-
haps it was the effect of
hunger, but I felt superhuman
and I got what I wanted in
part—the votes for women, but
not the right for women to sit
in Parliament."

Although Madame Shafik was
impugnably against her regime,
Nasser needed her tremendous
following and finally offered her
a seat in the Parliament. But
she knew she could not accept.
The regime was against all her
principles of liberty and democ-
racy.

"I must help"

"People say I am a traitor,
but I want our country to be
great. It would be very easy
to be nice and be made the first
woman Minister, but something
in my heart means more than
just popularity."

"Even if I lose everything I
must help the Arab world to
understand we must have
courage and morality and dig-
nity and truth."

It is impossible to disbelieve
her sincerity.

Doria Shafik is set like a
thorn in Nasser's side but he
thinks that the women of Egypt
will not let him touch her,
despite his attempts to smear
her name in the Arab Press.

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they are diluting out into 15
other boroughs.

For the families affected this
is meaning more uprooting, more
adjustments after that major
severance from their homeland.
But in the long run it may be
good—for it is helping break up
the ghetto-tendency, the Brixton
"Little Bhoes" situation, which
left big blocs of West Indians
unintegrated and virtually iso-
lated.

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Mr Lando's de-kinking
process—BEFORE...



Mr Lando's de-kinking
process—BEFORE...

The man from Jamaica finds business is brisk

TWO summers ago Roy
Lando, a 29-year-old
West Indian, hustled
into Britain with his eye
fixed on success. His equip-
ment: a ten-shilling note, a
set of de-kinking combs and
a ten-year plan for
prosperity.

With eight years still in
hand, the Lando Plan ap-
pears to be proceeding at a
fast clip. Inside his Lud-
broke Grove hairdressing
shop—where queues start
forming at 6 a.m. on Satur-
days—this son of Jamaica's
Minister of Trade told me:

"I see great opportunities
here. By 1965 I intend to have
built up a business which will
give me financial independence
—and to do it on my own,
without help from my father.
There, perhaps, I shall be able
to fulfil my lifelong ambition to
become a doctor."

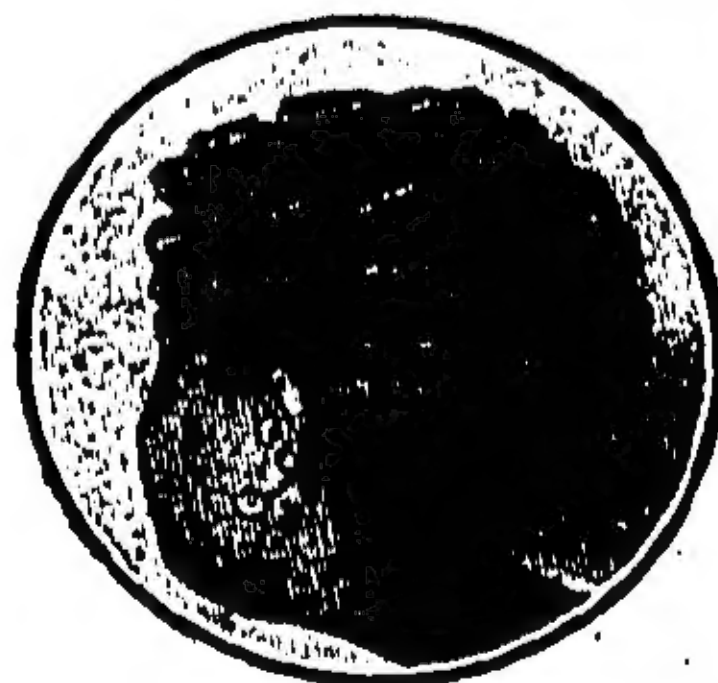
This is how Lando has spent
his first 24 months of business
building. First he got in a
factory. To save money he used
the cheapest cafes and did
little more than rubble.

He had done some hairdressing
and with his first £5 capital he
had cards printed offering
private appointments. He tramp-
ed ten miles a day through
London's streets pushing them
through letter boxes.

He rented a basement in
Kilburn for 85s a week and
with the combs he had brought
over, and a 20 dryer, opened
shop. He learned permanent
waving—a 60 guinea course paid
for by instalments.

HE WENT TO LONDON WITH 10 SHILLINGS
... NOW HE HAS 400 CUSTOMERS

by Kenneth Allsop



... and AFTER

By May last year he had 400
customers, mostly coloured.
He borrowed £200 and opened new
premises, fully decorated and
gated, in Ludbroke Grove.
Soon he was giving 70 hair-
dos a week.

But Lando was not content.
The beauty techniques of Rome
and Paris should be studied, he
decided, and there he took him-
self—and then to New York,
where by scraping and eating
skimpily, he spent four months
as a student again. Back to
Britain with a diploma in
beauty culture—and a new idea.

In London his coloured women
clients complained that they
could not buy lipstick and
powder dark enough for their
complexions. Lando, he declared,
would remedy that.

So he is now launching into
cosmetics manufacture.
Lando is just one of the
64,000 West Indians who have

settled in Britain since 1951. His
high-octane enterprise is not
commonplace. But the number
who have successfully built up
businesses of their own and
steadily worked themselves into
responsible posts reveals as
ridiculous the notion—still cur-
rent—that this is a shiftless and
skilless population.

In London, where 25,000 West
Indians have settled, a con-
siderable proportion have been
absorbed, peacefully and
smoothly, into British Railways,
London Transport, the Post
Office, the LCC and other big
bodies. None, quite properly,
keeps a separate coloured-
worker tally, for they do the
same jobs at the same rates as
the whites.

On the day I met Roy Lando,
I also talked with Baldwin
Broome, a 43-year-old King-
stonian who has two thriving
bespoke tailor's shops in Shep-
herd's Bush Road and Notting
Hill Gate—and who intends to
have more branches. And that
skimpily, he spent four months
as a student again. Back to
Britain with a diploma in
beauty culture—and a new idea.

Both are family men. Mrs
Saunders, an ex-school teacher,
was in Dulwich Hospital having
her third London-born child
while her husband looked after
Andre (three) and Norman
(one).

There is the 1950 picture of
the prosperous stable life that

many West
Indians have
made for them-
selves in Britain
in these past
few years. But
it is not the com-
plete picture.
I can tell you of
an important
change that is
now taking
shape.

A year ago an immigrant was
found a job within two weeks of
arrival (although not always the
job he wanted). Now, in Lon-
don, and especially in the Mid-
lands because of the motor
industry's contraction, employment
is more elusive.

And that has brought about a
dramatic dispersal in coloured
communities. Two years ago
West Indians were mostly con-
fined in London to Brixton,
Stepney and Paddington. Now

they are diluting out into 15
other boroughs.

For the families affected this
is meaning more uprooting, more
adjustments after that major
severance from their homeland.
But in the long run it may be
good—for it is helping break up
the ghetto-tendency, the Brixton
"Little Bhoes" situation, which
left big blocs of West Indians
unintegrated and virtually iso-
lated.

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Mr Lando's de-kinking
process—BEFORE...

There's Trouble In Paradise

By HENRY THODY

M ILLIONS of theatre-
goers throughout
the world thought
"The Little Hut"
was the funniest, and the
suauciest, play they had ever
seen.

But Miss Ava Gardner,
star of the screen version
now being shot in Rome's
film city—as the wife who
is shared on a desert isle
by her husband (played by
Stewart Granger) and her
lover (played by David
Niven) on a sort of rota
basis—is not amused.

"There's nothing drier
than trying to be funny if
you're not," said Ava, ide-
ally dressed for the Roman
heat-wave in black lace
panties and bra, specially
made by Dior for a trifling
£65.

"It's my first comedy—
and my last. Drag me
through the streets, by my
hair, as they did in my last
film, all right. But no more
comedy. It takes too much
out of me. At the end of
the day trying to be funny
I'm exhausted."

"The Little Hut" may be
a riot to watch or read—
but not to act in, thank
you."

DOUBLED UP

From across the huge set
I heard roars of laughter.
David Niven with an "How
to say it in Italian" book
was trying to translate
"I've got ants in my pants."
The Italian stage-hands
were doubled up with
laughter.

Mr Niven was obviously
not suffering like Ava. To
him comedy comes natu-
rally. "I've made about 70
films and haven't seen more
than eight of them," he told
me. "To me film-making is
like going to the office.
When I come home I forget
all about movies and live a
normal life."

"I never read what they
write about me. I have kept
only one press clipping in 20
years in the game. After
a preview of my first big
picture an American news-
paper wrote: 'Mr Goldwyn's
new discovery, David Niven,
is tall, dark and anything
but handsome.' I had it
framed and it hangs in the
lavatory."

Co-producers F. Hugh
Herbert and Mark Robson
were not looking too friend-
ly towards Mr Niven. His
latest practical joke had
almost given them heart
failure.

PLASTIC ISLE

The script called for
Niven to fall from a tall
coconut palm. All he was
supposed to do was yell
from the top of a tree in a
pretended fall. But he
arranged with Italian elec-
tricians to balance a log on
a high ladder and send it
crashing to the floor as he
shouted.

The joke almost gave
the producers heart attacks.
They thought for a moment
their highly-paid star had
really fallen.

The film's desert isle is a
masterpiece of British studio
know-how. The film-makers
scoured the world for an ideal
desert isle—finally deciding that
nature could be improved upon.

The Isle, Ava-Ava the crew
call it, was built in Italian
studios by British technicians
because there was not enough
studio space available in Britain.
Tropical plants were gathered
from a dozen countries, and
there is one man whose sole job
is to dust the leaves twice
daily.

I found "The Little Hut"
most apprehensive star, Stewart
Granger, sitting melancholy
among artificial tropical orchids.

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his heavy naval jacket off. He
was sitting in his shirt, the
snow-white material contrasting
with his sun-tanned forearms
torn.

Every Granger scene is being
given priority in a race against
the clock. Wife Jean Simmons
is expecting her first baby soon.

BEAT-THE-CENSOR

"Doctors say that the first
baby is usually male, rather than
female," Granger told me, looking
anything but convinced. "I have
my fingers crossed. I hope the
Super Constellation beats the
fork."

"How on earth is 'The Little
Hut' going to get by the
censor?" I asked, co-producer
and script-writer F. Hugh Her-
bert, remembering the blister-
ing situations of the Andre
Housain-Nancy Mitford original.

"When I saw 'The Little Hut'
in London in 1951 I was highly
amused," he answered, "but as
a potential movie it seemed too
unpalatable even to contem-
plate. But I saw it as a
challenge to my ingenuity."

"For months I thought about
it—then I came up with a
couple of gimmicks. I knew
would beat the censors. I then
bought the film rights. There's
my gimmick Number One."

He pointed to a fierce-looking
Asian dog.

"I introduced Nelson into the
script as a chaperone for Ava.
He is the husband's dog and he
hated the lover. Every time
David tries to get near Ava the
dog keeps him at bay. In the
film there's a lot of talk about
sex, but not much done about
it."

"Gimmick Number Two is a
twist from the original plot.
When the husband's best friend
confesses he has been the wife's
lover for years, and suggests they
share the wife on their
shipwreck isle the way they
share the one pair of shoes
which survived the wreck,
hubbys reacts differently in the
screen version."

COMIC HIGHLIGHT

"I have the husband deciding
that such a divorce is likely to
be one of the comedy situations
of the year. Ava accuses him
of mental cruelty because his
office correspondence to bed
with him and did not notice
the colour of her new nightie."

By this time Miss Gardner
was back again on the set in a
new costume, although her
wardrobe is the most austere
in her film career. Apart from
the £65 undies, he has a couple
of grass skirts and one Dior
evening dress.

The Dior creation, a £300
pink satin and white sequined
lace evening gown, is treated as
a Dior dress has never been
before.

Ava blanched, as would any
clothes-conscious woman, as a
wardrobe hand came along and
slashed the gown with a pair
of scissors—to give it that look
of desert island wear-and-tear.

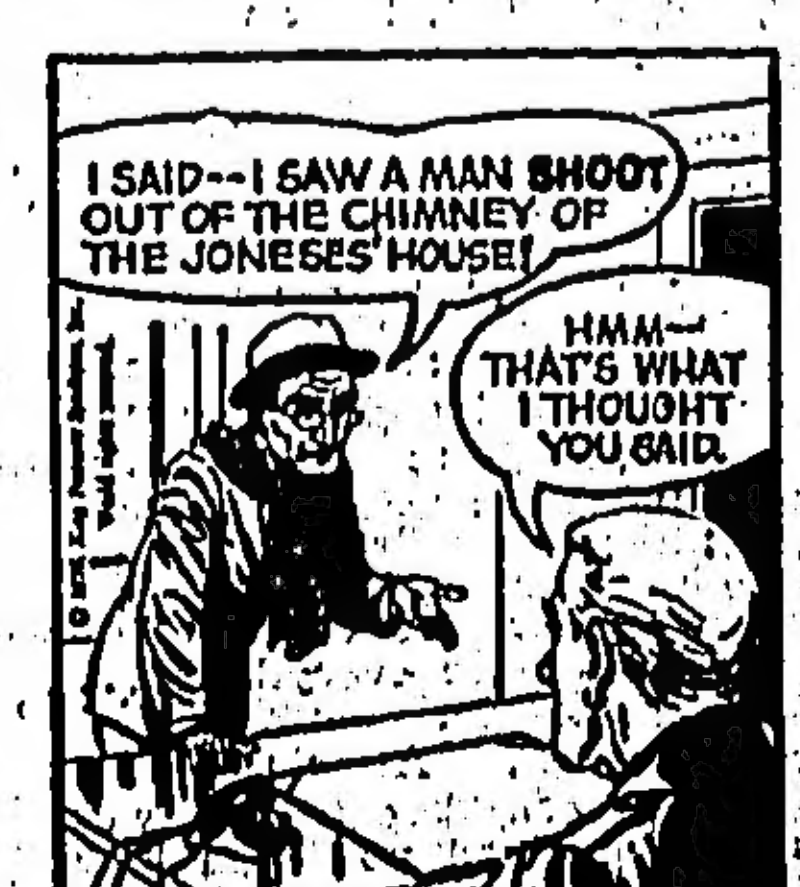
WANT A DOG?

As I was about to leave the
set the production manager
said to me: "Want a dog?
We'll give you Nelson after the
shooting. We can't take him
back to Britain. Quarantine
regulations. You live in Rome—
give him a good home."

I looked at Nelson, who had
been baring his teeth at me as
I gave Ava a warm, apprecia-
tive look at her scissor-slashed,
plunge-neck gown, and decided
Nelson might be more useful to
Miss Gardner, now living alone
in her new Spanish hacienda.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



HOW TO ENJOY LIFE AT 80

By Robert Robinson

Mr Charles Coburn, 81, is happy to report, behaves very much like the portly millionaires he has played so often on the screen.

Each evening since his arrival in London he has screwed his monocle into his right eye, slipped into his tuxedo, and gone "on the town."

The monocle? Essential. "It's a tradition," says a friend. "It's a long tradition. My father had one. My grandfather had one. My great-grandfather had one. It's a family tradition."

He added that he was "a bit of a size," but that he was "a bit of a size."

ALL THE CUTIES

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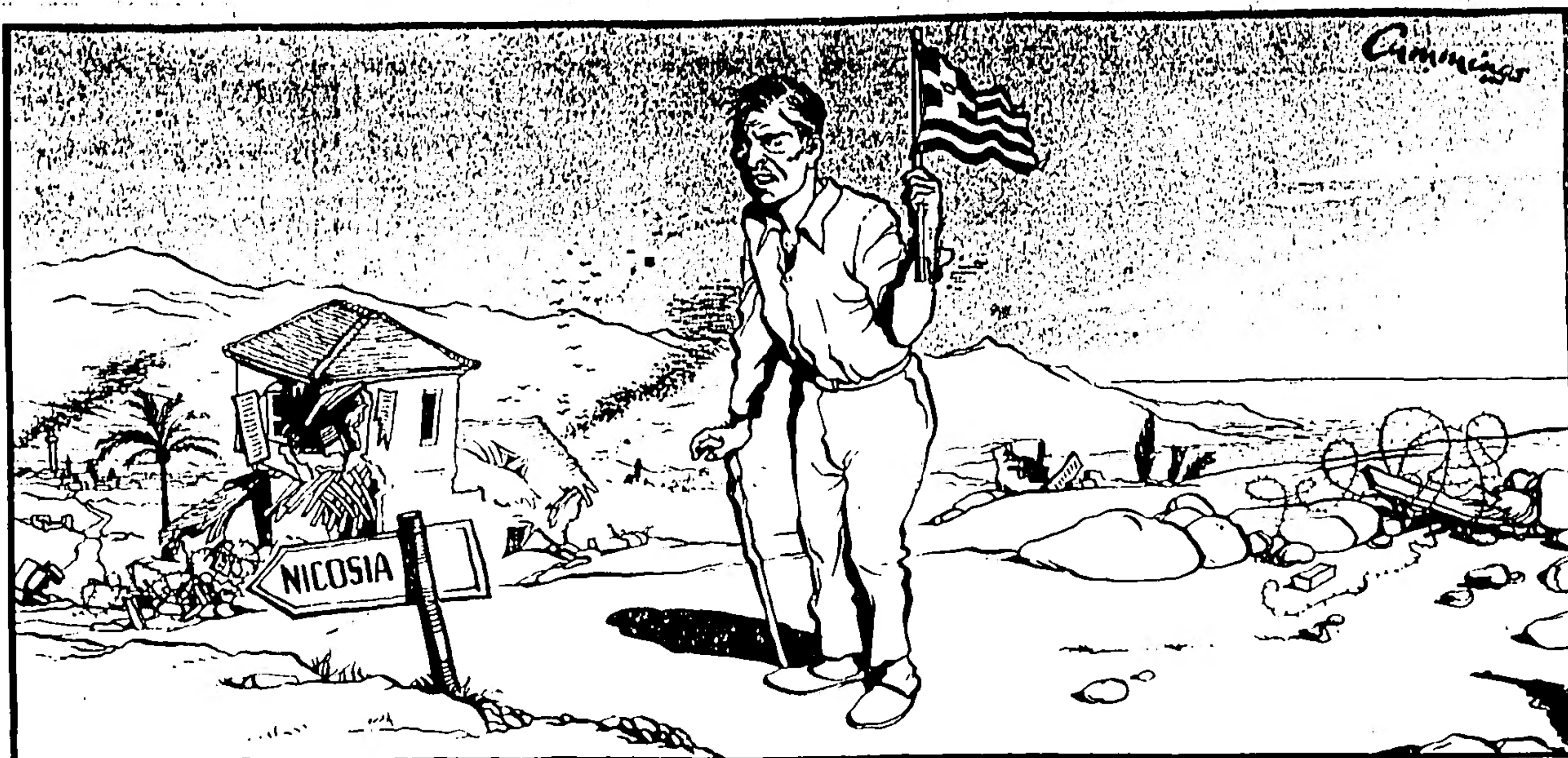
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"Long live the terrorists! They've lost me my home, my wife, my children—but they've given me a flag to wave instead!"

An Eyewitness Account by George Mumford of a Battle Between 400 Police and the Scots Guards Against Two Armed Desperadoes

THE SIEGE OF SIDNEY STREET

I HAD a lofty ring-side seat at the siege of Sidney Street, from behind a chimney stack on the roof of a public house.

I saw the whole of the wildest "Wild West" drama London has ever known. During the battle, bullets flew past me and one actually passed through the hat of an Evening News collector. Mr. Fred Ward, who was standing beside me.

The scene was the last of a long series of events. The battle began on the morning of January 3, 1911, when two men, known as the "Boatmen," were seen in a small boat in the River Thames. They were followed by a police boat and a launch.

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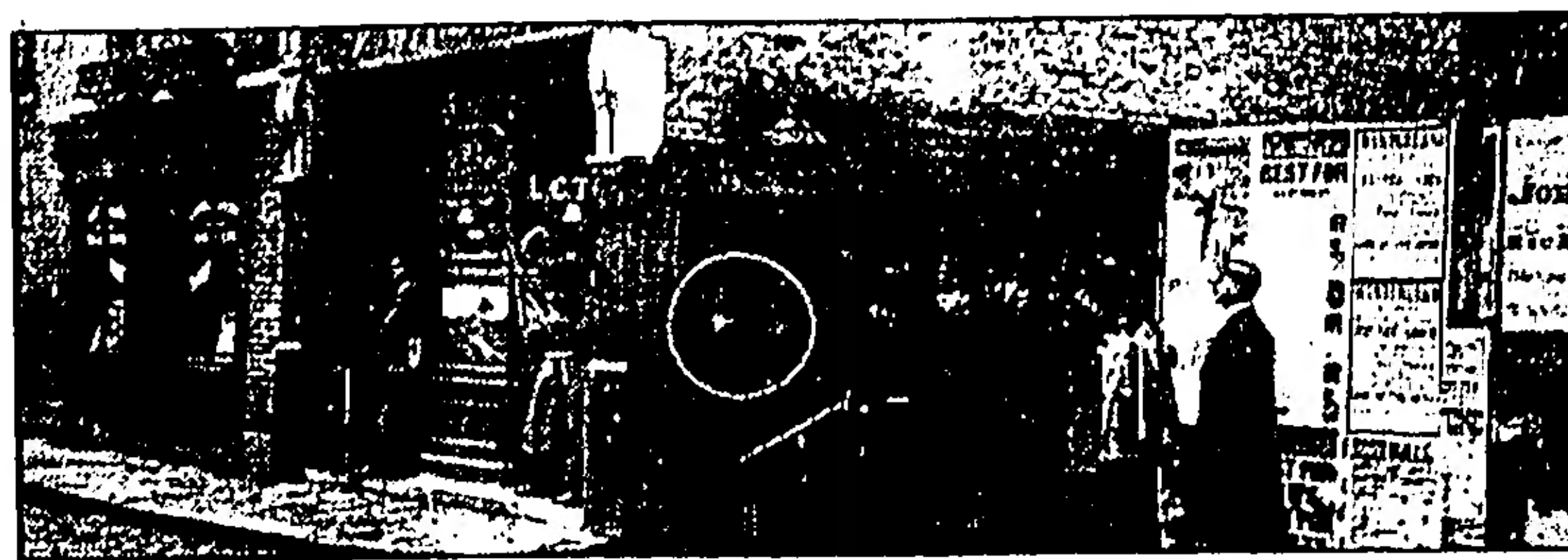
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The most famous picture of Sidney Street—Winston Churchill (circled) peers round the corner towards the besieged house.

Many shots were directed at the windows of a house immediately opposite No. 100, and presently we heard a loud crash from that direction. The house was untenanted and had been occupied by the police since the previous day when strict watch on No. 100 had begun. To encourage the bandits to waste their ammunition a dummy police officer had been rigged up and dropped up in front of the window and it was some time before the bandits realised they had been tricked.

By this time about 50 police were on the scene. They were mostly unarmed. The criminals, on the other hand, had tenacious Manner pistols capable of carrying up to 1,000 yards and easily outranging the police's. It took about half a dozen detectives.

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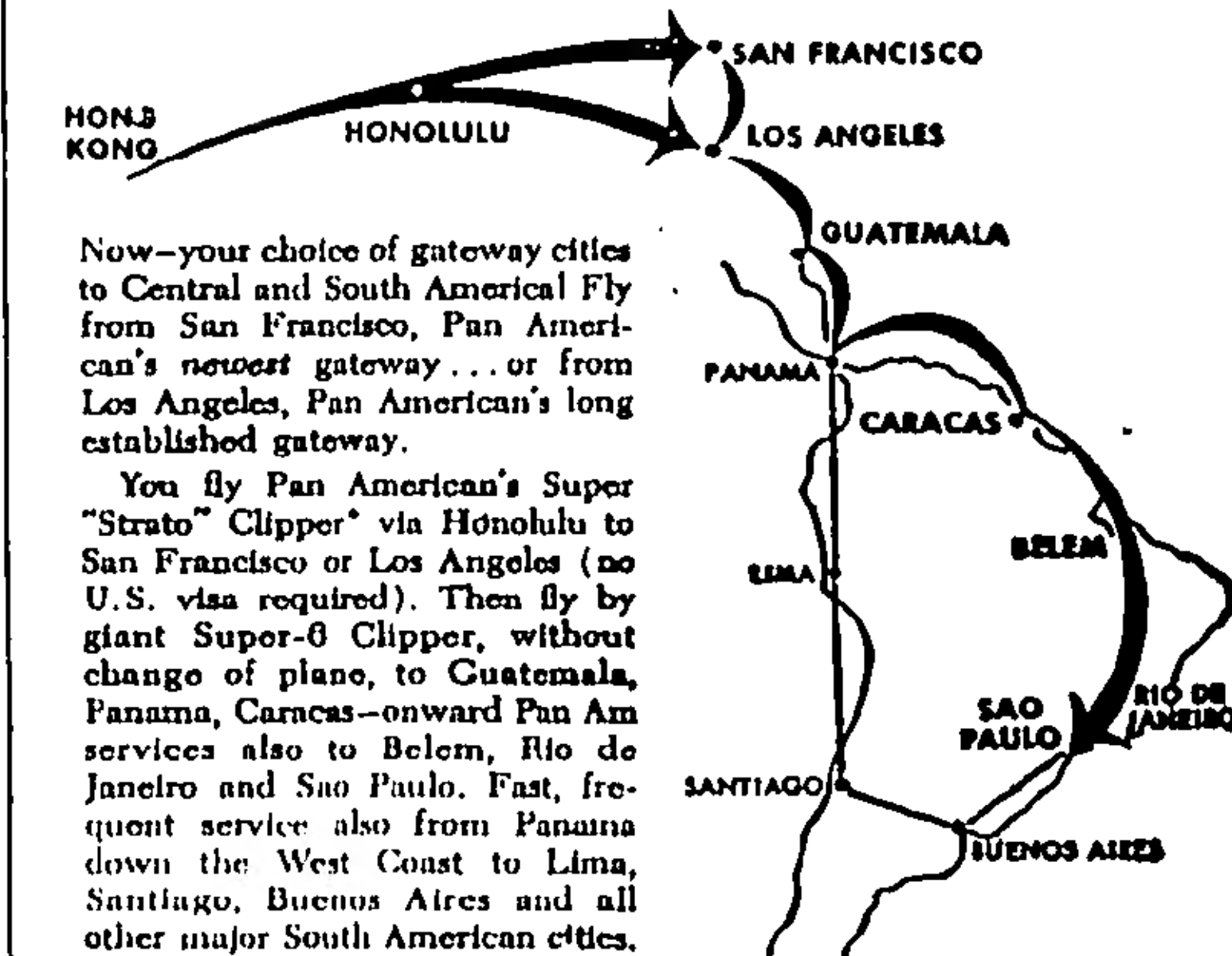
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LIFE WITH ALLEN

"FIXED your holidays yet?"

Molly and I were queuing outside our local cinema, and after twenty minutes' waiting in a decidedly cold east wind, it seemed incredible that anyone in the small crowd could be interested in anything other than getting inside in the warm.

I turned my head to look at the speaker—a girl wearing a knitted cap, deep in conversation with another girl, sporting a spotted headscarf.

"Yes—weeks ago," said the headscarf. "Wonderful holiday camp. Got everything—dancing, swimming, tennis, concerts."

"Going with Ray?"

"Course I am. Any objection?"

"I was only asking in a friendly way," said her friend rather

SUMMER MADNESS

we did get together on an evening we couldn't sit down without Ray going to sleep. So it meant us walking about all the time with me holding him up."

The queue moved forward a little and I missed some of the conversation, but soon picked up the thread of it again.

"—over my swimsuit. His mother didn't like it, and said she felt sure Ray didn't, and what were girls coming to—know the sort of thing. Ray woke up for once and defended me; but, trying to be gallant, he only made things worse. Said I wasn't the kind to depend on fancy clothes—I looked nice in nothing. There was a bit of a misunderstanding all around."

"After that, I got a bit friendly with another fellow called Ricky—a smashing dancer and dead keen on tennis. Mind you, I only partnered him because Ray was too tired for anything,

but you'd have thought I'd done something awful the way Ray's family carried on. This Ricky and me got on fine until he told me I was wasted on Ray. It might be true, but I wasn't going to stand for him calling Ray a 'drip'."

"Just to show off, Ricky challenged Ray to three straight sets at tennis. Ray's not keen on

the game really, and he lost the first set six-love before he let his racket slip out of his hand and fetched Ricky a fearful smack. By the time Ricky came round, there were about seventy people waiting to use the court, so the game had to be abandoned. I suppose it was an accident, but you can never tell with Ray—his pretty good at winning a coconut."

The queue moved forward another few yards. "I hope we don't miss the end of this story," Molly murmured.

(Contd. on Page 19 Col. 3)

At The Inquest

AT the inquest on the two men, held by Mr Wynne Baxter, the East London Coroner, Mr Churchill, in reply to criticism, said he was asked whether he concurred in the decision to hold back the firemen, and he had merely expressed agreement that that was the best course.

The jury returned a verdict of "Justifiable Homicide." They added a rider expressing the hope that more stringent laws would be framed to govern the entrance into Britain of criminal aliens.

In the belief that one of the dead men was the notorious "Peter the Painter" the police were disappointed.

The Sidney Street casualties included, besides Police Sergeant Leeson and Sergeant Chick, two constables and three civilian spectators, all with slight bullet wounds, and six firemen injured by falling debris.

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by

V. R. BURKHARDT

Illustrated by the Author

Five Colour Plates

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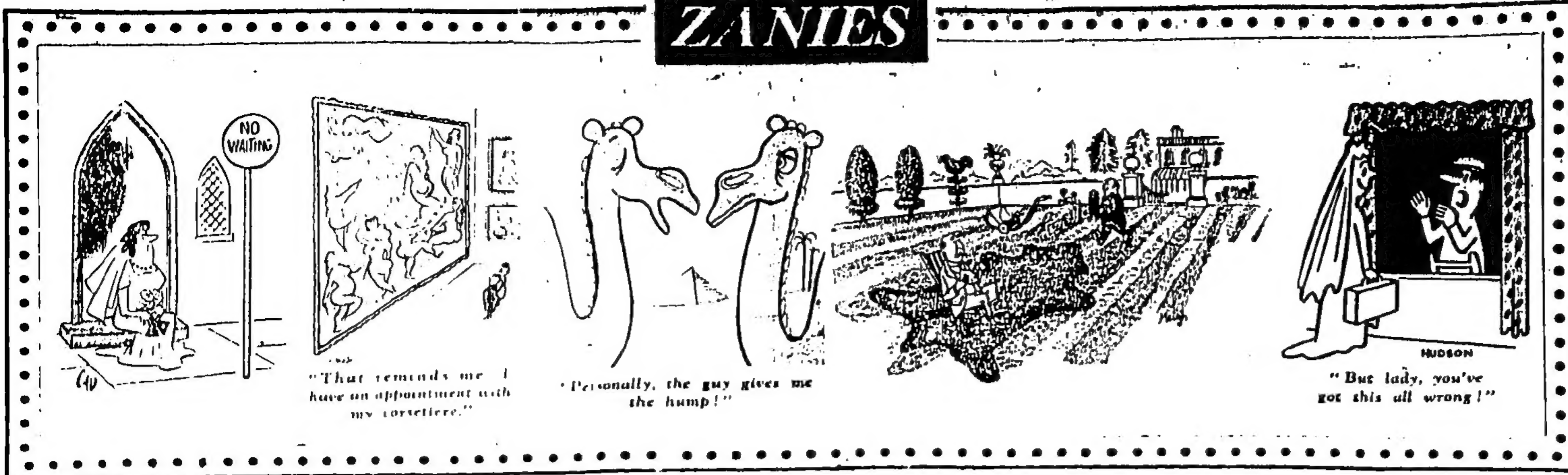
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CAN ANY COUNTRY SAY: NO MORE TRAITORS?

HERE is not a government in the world that can guarantee there will be no traitors in high places. Every country has had them, including the United States, Britain and Russia.

But since the affair of Burgess and Maclean, the work of would-be traitors has been made much more difficult in Britain than before.

Talk of further combing of the British Civil Service would hardly be justified as a vital measure, for such a procedure would be unlikely to unearth any really bad security risks. The comb-out has already been in operation long enough—eight years—to take care of the worst cases.

☆☆☆

A Government spokesman said in the House of Commons in November 1954 that since 1948 the number of civil servants removed from their former posts for security reasons was 124.

Since then this number has been increased to about 150. As there are more than 600,000 civil servants in Britain the proportion of bad security risks in Government departments in the U.K. is remarkably small.

And what of the security drive against Communists, or Communist sympathisers, in firms which are doing secret work in Britain?

There are about 800 firms engaged on secret work for the British Government in the United Kingdom. The number of Communists, or suspected fellow travellers, among the workers in these firms, is estimated at between 2,800 and 4,000.

But not more than one in ten of these "security risks" is in a department that handles work involving any degree of secrecy. A Communist, for instance, may be at work producing the outer casing of a new type of bomb. His knowledge of the materials and method of manufacture of his part of the bomb will be of no possible interest to a foreign country.

But there will be some parts of the bomb, such as the fusing of the bomb or the performance of the bomb, that will interest a foreign

By GEORGE HENDERSON

country. Any civil servant or industrial worker involved in this top secret work is required to fill in a most complete form in which he is asked such questions as, "Have you any unusual views?"

☆☆☆

A warning is given that the answers to those questions will be checked if necessary.

In the last few years only about ten industrial employees have been dismissed for security reasons by firms doing secret work in Great Britain. A few dozen Communists or suspected fellow travellers have lost their jobs because of redundancy.

There is a radical difference in Britain between the Civil Service and workers in industry when security risks are under consideration. In the Civil Service an employee threatened on security grounds with transfer from secret duties, or with dismissal, can appeal. No such rights are enjoyed by a worker in an industrial firm with a contract for secret work.

Under a clause in the terms of the contract, the Minister of the Government Department

which gave the contract can demand the dismissal of a worker, without giving any reason.

When a Communist or suspected sympathiser is working in a department of a firm where he could handle secret work, he is dismissed or transferred before he acquires any valuable knowledge.

However, it has been recommended that industrial workers accused of being bad security risks should have access to a tribunal similar to the Civil Service one in certain types of cases.

If carried into effect, this recommendation would raise another problem. What M.I. (the British Government's intelligence service) is not prepared to divulge is the source of its information, or the extent of it. All that M.I. can do is to place the information it has gathered before the head of the department of the Civil Service where the security suspect is employed. The head of that department makes the decision whether the suspect is to be dismissed or transferred.

Given the right to appeal, industrial workers will, undoubtedly exercise it. There are bound to be more difficulties in the placing of evidence before an Industrial Appeals Tribunal than one in the Civil Service, because M.I. is, after all, a Government department.

☆☆☆

The Industrial Appeals Tribunal, which is almost certain to be set up, may make demands for evidence which M.I. in the interests of protecting its informants, is not prepared to give.

I can say, however, that widespread measures designed to eliminate bad security risks in factories doing secret work have now been put into operation in Britain. The nature and scope of these measures will not be revealed.

On the question of security in the British Civil Service, one of the most important recommendations recently made was that "great attention must be paid to character defects as factors tending to make a man unreliable or expose him to blackmail, or influence, by foreign agents."

There is a duty on department to inform themselves of serious failings, such as

drunkenness, addiction to drugs, sexual deviance or any loose living which may seriously affect a man's reliability.

Even more important was the recommendation that "an individual living with a wife or husband who is a Communist or a Communist sympathiser may, for that reason alone, have to be moved from secret work and that the same principle should be applied in other cases of a like nature."

It is proved, the would-be traitor must be taken into account. It is not enough to say that a man is a Communist or a Communist sympathiser. He must be taken into account. It is not enough to say that a man is a Communist or a Communist sympathiser. He must be taken into account.

There has been a "hake-up" in the British Foreign Office since the Burgess-Maclean affair. The people have spent a lot of time in the Foreign Office, and now they are stretching out to industry.

Yet no one, not even in the most efficient anti-espionage service, could guarantee that there will be no more traitors.

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Europe and the Free World will suffer unless the British state their case effectively

That "Wicked" John Bull!

BY JOHN FISHER AND DENIS BLEWETT

A BOOK could be filled with the things that Cairo radio says about the "wicked" John Bull. Here are a few quotations selected from broadcasts made during the past few weeks.

"The 'Voice of the Arabs,' speaking from Cairo on May 15, said: 'All we wish to know is the facts, the sweet facts...'

"The first of these facts is — how was Israel established in Palestine eight years ago? Britain has been imposing her protectorate on Palestine; she did not wish to protect it for her Zionist friends..."

"The second fact is that most of the Arab States have smashed every foreign imperialist influence, leaving them controlled by their own sons who formulate their policy in accordance with the interests of the Arabs..."

"Most of the Arab armies, of which some used to be disarmed or commanded by the imperialists, have now become one army commanded and armed by the Arabs..."

How is it that the sweetness and light?

Loud And Clear

OR take this piece about the British Broadcasting Corporation. The total B.B.C. service in Arabic amounts to only four hours a day, including plays, concerts, music, stories and variety.

Apart from this there is a second handicap which the B.B.C. rightly or wrongly, imposes on itself voluntarily. The B.B.C. does not join in "slang-out matches." This applies to the Greeks and Cypriots as well as the Arabs, who are sensitive to "Western" (not only British, but European and American) influence.

This presumably refers to the defence of Egypt by the Commonwealth and Allied (not merely British) Armies during World War II.

It seems obvious that in order to make her voice heard, Britain will have to speak out loud and clear.

The radio is the magic box through which the British must declare their foreign policy in the Arab and Middle Eastern world, where vital oil interests lie.

Not only the fate of Britain, but the fate of Europe and the free world, depends on it.

Full Blast

RETREAT by the British from the Middle East sphere of influence would obviously have serious repercussions for all nations outside the Communist bloc.

Beyond the larger cities in the Middle East, newspapers are relatively unimportant. But in almost every Arab cafe and Greek tavern a radio is in full blast almost all day.

What a pity that most of the broadcasts are anti-British but the reason is not hard to find. The British Broadcasting Corporation service in Arabic in Greek, is on the short wave, its audience, therefore, consists of people who can afford to buy short-wave sets and who are interested enough in world affairs to switch over to the voice of Britain.

Experience shows that even this sort of listener will not take more than two hours a day on news and general politics, according to B.B.C. researchers.

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There is no direct denial, for example, of lying accusations put out by Athens radio. Said a B.B.C. spokesman, "It is not our job to correct inaccurate statements by other radio stations."

The Losses

IN the spring of this year Britain lost control of the Arab Legion in Jordan—the direct fighting force in the Arab world and one of the main factors in preserving the peace of the area—largely because of anti-British propaganda from centres like Cairo.

The man on the spot, in more senses than one, was General Sir John Glubb, who was unceremoniously bundled out of the country after 30 years of service in the Middle East, allegedly because he did not follow a sufficiently aggressive policy towards Israel.

And this is what he said about British propaganda: "During the last year we have perhaps lost more in the Middle East than during the previous 250 years. I believe it has happened because we have not realised the revolution which has been worked by the technical instruments which are now to hand."

"In the past, statesmen generally delivered their speeches to well-informed audiences. Nowadays, by means of radio, they can address themselves to savages in the jungle and Bedouin in the desert."

And it seems that relations with the Middle East will not greatly improve and may deteriorate still further as long as the B.B.C. is unable to provide a full service of medium-wave programmes, prepared, styled, and put over by natives of the countries to which the programme is addressed.

William Hickey

EX-KING PETER TELLS ME AT CANNES:
'MY HOME'S HERE FOR GOOD, UNLESS—'

I DROVE to Cannes, to a small flat overlooking the city, and there I found ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia and his wife, Alexandra, former princess of Greece and a cousin of the Duke of Edinburgh.

King Peter told me: "My wife and I have now decided to settle down in Cannes. I have not given up hope of returning one day to Yugoslavia, but that is no longer in my hands or even in the hands of my own people. It seems to be entirely dependent on the relations between East and West."

King Peter has no private fortune. He said: "I rely entirely on contributions from emigre Yugoslavs."

He is deeply immersed in politics. He said: "We have three separate councils to represent exiled Yugoslavs all over the world, and I am in contact with all of them all the time."

"Strangely, there are more Yugoslavs in Australia than anywhere else."

Peter and Alexandra have rented this small but beautifully appointed apartment, and the furniture went with it. They have no servants but a daily woman.

Said the ex-king: "Life here may be simple, but it's a way we are both extremely happy."

"Except now in the height of the season, Cannes is a beautiful place for a quiet life."

I am assured that Grace's baby, due in February, will not be born in America but in Monaco, and probably in the palace.

It is possible that a leading American general will come over to attend her.

MRS COULD RETURNS

MRS Frank Jay Gould, central figure in the dispute over her husband's will, has returned to her villa in Juan-les-Pins.

Her husband, the virtual founder of Juan-les-Pins, left an estimated £30,000,000. While the dispute raged, one of Mr Gould's daughters sent bulletins to reveal the villa.

Mrs Gould was ordered out. Then she withdrew her claim on the French estate—except for a couple of villas. She got most of the American estate.

The two Gould daughters, both by previous marriages, got his estates, hotels, casinos, and property in France.

Mrs Gould told me: "You can't imagine how glad I am to be back. I still intend to keep this villa, a flat in Nice, and a property in Cannes. This, however, is my real home."

"This is the place my husband loved and I intend to keep it just as he always wanted it to be."

She was in black slacks and a black blouse. She said: "I am still in mourning."

THE AGA DINES

A REST on the Riviera has brought fresh energy to the Aga Khan, as he approaches 80. He is at his Villa Yakhmour, near Cannes.

He now walks again with the help of two sticks. His appetite is unimpaired.

He recently went to a gourmet's haunt in Antibes for

dinner with the Begum. Ignoring a warning against large meals, he worked his way through the menu.

His wife protested. He said: "I propose a gentleman's agreement. I will go without the dessert."

SEEN ON THE BEACH

LORD Balfour of Inchrye and Lady Balfour, with the senior steward of the Jockey Club, Lord Willoughby de Broke—who spends half an hour every morning doing violent physical jerks.

Sir Vivian Naylor-Leyland has arrived at nearby St Paul. Former debutantes Susan Lockwood and Fleur Kirwan Taylor almost qualify as Monte Carlo residents.

ONASSIS OFF

"A RI" Onassis, boss of Monte Carlo, prepares to move out for a cruise in his yacht Christina to Greece—by way of Italy.

The cruise is expected to last between two and four weeks. There will be no large house party on board, but he is expected to take a close friend and many relatives.

CASINO BLUES

THE big gamblers who have, reputedly, won fortunes this season, have had their worst night of the year at the Monte Carlo Sporting Club.

At the large bacarat table alone the bank won £100,000. But no one here seems to worry about money. The prices stay astronomically high.

Club owner Al Burnett, on holiday in Cannes, cracked: "Everybody's gone mad around here. It's cheaper."

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Mrs. O'Brien leaves her suitcase packed

FOR the delegates of 22 countries meeting in London Suez spent crisis. But for Mrs Louise O'Brien, interpreter at large, the world meant work.

For the past five years Mrs O'Brien has covered the world by way of conferences. Her ticket has been her ability to catch the spoken word in mid-air and convert it into another language. And she takes her job seriously. "To help men to arrive at an understanding is a great responsibility," she says.

Mrs O'Brien is quick, French-born and in her early forties. Last year her husband died and she lives alone in a South Kensington flat.

EXCITING LIFE

"But I am not often there," she told me. "My suitcase is always packed and I must be ready to fly to Timbuctoo at a moment's notice. It is an exciting way to live."

It is also a fairly prosperous way to live. A professional interpreter earns between £9 and £14 a day. Travelling and

She has been interpreting speeches at the Suez conference. But the call to another international conference anywhere in the world may come at any time.

by PHILIP OAKES

her accommodation is always first class, and the bills are all paid by the conference in question.

"But of course an interpreter does not work every day," said Mrs O'Brien. "Perhaps for only nine months of the year. And when there is no work there is no money."

Conferences have taken Mrs O'Brien around Europe, Africa and to Portugal. She has lost count of the number of her assignments and now only remembers the big ones.

High on her list is the Cyprus conference, with the Nine-Power talks running a close second. "But they are all exciting," she said. "One feels in the middle of history. It is a privileged position."

But not all the conferences are political and not all the in-

terpreter's work is done at the conference table.

"If it is a scientific conference an interpreter must be familiar with all the terms that will be used," said Mrs O'Brien. "It means hours of reading textbooks until one can be sure of recognising the unexpected word. And some of the words are very strange indeed."

What makes a good interpreter?

"Most important are instant reflexes," said Mrs O'Brien. "A speech has to be interpreted while it is going on and the interpreter must have an immediate grasp of what is meant."

"Also, it is essential that the interpreter must leave every personal opinion outside the conference room. The translation must be absolutely faithful to what was said."

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MRS. LOUISE O'BRIEN
One's reflexes must be good.

"None of us knew how long the Suez talks were to go on," said Mrs O'Brien. "Of course they were exciting, but I have another conference in September. This time in Bangor."

After that comes an ornamental conference in Edinburgh. And after that? "I never know where I will end up," she says. The telephone may ring at any time. The suitcase stays packed.

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JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins



...this situation calls for a
San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

LUXURY FABRIC FOR EVENING



"Seville", an evening ensemble of heavily embroidered gold and black fabric from Christian Dior's autumn-winter collection. The short jacket has a fitting bodice and three-quarter length sleeves. The dress has a full skirt with wide pleats falling from the waist.—Agence France-Presse.

London hair stylist Raymond says:

A Husband's Coiffure Advice May Result In Disaster

YOUR husband says you should let your hair grow long again? Don't do it, warns a British hair stylist.

"Husbands are the worst possible sources of advice for women on hair styles," according to Raymond Bes-some, a husband and father himself and also owner of three London beauty salons.

Raymond, as he is known professionally, is now in Hollywood where he plans to create a new coiffure for Diana Dors, British movie star.

"It is not," Raymond said reassuringly, "that a man deliberately will try to give his wife wrong advice on her hair. But a husband suffers from two handicaps.

"If a woman asks her husband whether she should cut her hair or dye it blonde or make any major change, he will say 'no' just to be on the safe side. He is afraid of getting into trouble if it turns out wrong.

CONSTRUCTIVE POINTERS

"When he tells his wife he wants her to change to long hair of platinum blonde, he invariably does it because he has a sudden wish for her to look like somebody else — Anita Ekberg, for instance.

"It is the rare man who admits this. But he wants to change her appearance. The result may not be an improvement. If may even be a disaster."

Having dispensed of men and their role as coiffure counsellors, Raymond then gave some general advice to women on choosing their own hair styles.

"Forget about letting your hair grow long," he said. "It is aging to have long hair. Girls under 20 years old can afford to look older, so for them it is all right.

"Unless you have very regular features, don't try a centre part. If you can get away with it, use it by all means. The poodle cut and the Italian boy cut are out. Experiment with some of the new styles like the Tudor line."

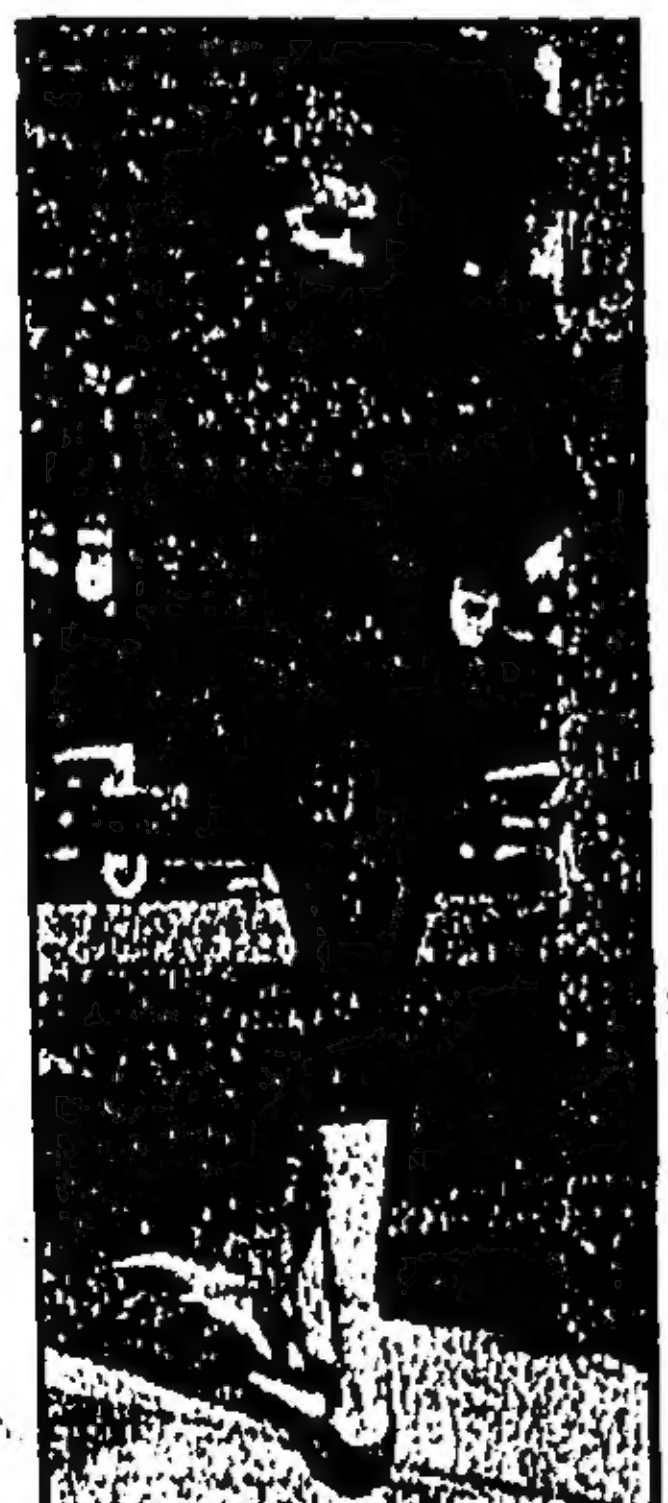
The Tudor line is Raymond's version of a puffy page boy called the "bouffant look" here. The British hair stylist, who carries his own 24-karat gold scissors with him wherever he goes, cuts the hair fairly short, leaving just enough to curl under at the sides of the face and at the back in what he calls a bell shape. The top is flat.

Some women would look terrible with a bell-shaped hairdo, he frankly admits. He approves of soft waves, casual curls, false buns for evening—anything that is flattering.

FRENCH TWIST VETOED

Raymond summarily vetoes the French twist, the severe hair style popularised by actress Grace Kelly before she became Princess of Monaco. That requires the hair to be pulled back tightly and pinned in a flat, vertical row down the back of the head.

"If you can go to the beauty salon three times a day and have it done, perhaps it will become you," Raymond said. "But to pull the hair back so tight is too hard on 99 per cent of the faces. Keep it soft. That's more flattering."—United Press



"Simel", a tailored outfit in black and green speckled woollen fabric. Note the novel cut of the jacket. By Jacques Heim.—Agence France-Presse.

THE TRICKIEST YEARS OF A WOMAN'S LIFE

By GWEN ROBYN

BETWEEN 13 and 16 are some of the most difficult years of a woman's life. And I've got some hard words to say today to seven out of ten mothers with teenage daughters.

Because an army of experts agree with me that you're selfish, neglectful and thoughtless.

Those years can be a terrifying time for the girl who has to go ALONE AND UNAIDED through not only a physical upset but an emotional one.

Adulthood comes overnight. Some show it by being difficult at home, others go "boy mad," and there are those who grow so painfully shy that they just curl up inside themselves with embarrassment.

HELP NEEDED

It is right at this critical moment that every girl needs understanding and practical help from her mother.

She needs to be made to look her very best to give her confidence to cope. By the time she is 16, when most mothers begin to fuss with pride, is too late. And there is no excuse for the women who excuse her laziness by saying: "She is at that difficult age. I can't do a thing with her."

I watched a bunch of 13 and 14-year-olds at a holiday party the other night. I was frankly shocked how ungainly they looked.

Yet a little real care and expert advice was all they needed to turn them from stodgy over-

dressed lumps into elegant little women.

Don't think that I like to see them painted and primed and dressed too old for their years. I hate it. But a neat, controlled figure, well-cut hair, clear skin and a dress that really suits them will work wonders.

Girls of 13 usually fall into two categories—willowy and roly-poly. In both cases they need some sort of featherweight control and a perfectly fitted bra.

With all that bouncing round at games it is even more important that their bra is correctly fitted—it can affect their figures for the rest of their lives.

Too many mothers buy a bra over the counter. And not enough shops have specially trained young assistants to cope with shy girls. It's not a question of money, merely of making time for a proper fitting.

EMBARRASSING SPOTS

And that girdle? Unless she is training as a dancer, and has more than enough exercise most girls need a little support as soon as their figures begin to show shape.

How many pretty-faced girls suffer untold embarrassment because of growing-up spots? It's no good just blaming school meals for the trouble.

When she is on holiday see that she gets plenty of salads, washings of fruit and drinks milk or lemon and water.

I found a daily scrubbing with a man's shaving brush and pure soap and water worked wonders with my adolescent skin.

TIME FOR POWDER?

The later the better I say. Here I am—aging 40 and I never use powder.

A foundation with a healthy skin glowing through is much more attractive, I feel.

And encourage them to postpone lipstick as long as possible for once they begin to use it their own natural lip colour fades.



"Nuages", a dinner hat of tulle, trimmed with plumes of marabou. From Gilbert Oriel.—Agence France-Presse.

But I believe even a 15-year-old should have a cosmetic "wardrobe" containing a feather light cleansing cream, a weak astringent and some hand cream.

The plainer the girl the more carefully you need to look. If it is difficult, unmanageable hair, don't for heaven's sake ponder to her first reaction—to get a perm.

Send her to a first-class hair-dresser for a cut—style it specially for her.

It isn't extravagant vanity because once the style has been found the local hairdresser can keep it up.

Don't scold her if she bites them—or even worse, try and shame her. It doesn't work.

I know because at 13 I was a chronic nail biter. My mother tried everything without success.

But my 16-year-old brother did the trick by buying me a manicure set.

And he not only helped me do my nails every day but encouraged me until they looked pretty good.

SHOES THAT FIT

Ask a salesgirl to X-ray her feet to see if the new shoes really fit without pressure. You can't expect a 13-year-old to know for herself.

And at first sign of a corn, have it properly treated at a chiropodist.

No home jabbing—corns are a quick way to a lined face later on in life.

Invite her to help you choose her clothes, remember the golden rule the simpler the better. And never, never force her to wear something she really hates.

Follow these rules and watch her grow up into the kind of woman who can walk into any room and make every head turn.

COMMENTING ON THE ACUTE SHORTAGE OF MANNEQUINS IN NEW YORK, ONE DESIGNER DECLARES

It's A Model's World!

New York. "WANTED: Model, size 10, 5-6 to 5-9 inches tall. Good salary, steady work. Air conditioned showroom. To model the world's most luxurious furs."

This advertisement is typical of dozens running these days in classified sections of newspapers in the nation's largest fashion centre. For the glamour profession of fashion modelling has developed a labour shortage.

Designers and manufacturers complain there just aren't enough "clothes horses" to meet the demand. And the model who works a job with one designer, showing clothes to buyers—instead of depending on an agency for hour-by-hour assignments—can just about write her own ticket.

"I have one steady girl and I hang onto her for dear life," said designer Adele Simpson. "I need three."

"It used to be a designer's walk on Seventh Avenue. Now it's a model's," said the shortage is so acute many a manufacturer is willing to take a novice and train her—16 the girl has the potential in figure and personality necessary to display high style clothes.

"Beauty is not necessary," said designer Mollie Parnis. "Takes with several other manufacturers and heads of model agencies indicated the scarcity is mostly in the showroom model—not at the agencies, where a mannequin is looked by the hour and many appear in as many as six fashion shows a day during the busy spring and autumn season.

However, Natalie Paine, head of the Plaza Five agency, said there is a shortage of all types of top models—for fashion shows, for photography, for television commercials.

"I'm talking about the really good ones," she said.

"We don't notice a shortage," said Candy Jones Conover, a former model who helps her husband run an agency. "But what we do notice is the same old faces around. Apparently there's not much of a new crop coming up."

The fashion industry gives several reasons for the shortage. Many a model who a few years ago was happy with a steady showroom job now registers with an agency, where the work may not be as regular but the hourly rate makes it worth the gamble. Or, she may head for television, where a few minutes of filming a commercial will pay what a manufacturer might offer for one week.

showroom model will earn from \$70 to \$150 a week, depending on experience and ability. And at some manufacturers, part of her wardrobe is furnished.

With an agency, she will earn from \$25 an hour up, Miss Paine

said her top fashion model averages about \$25,000 a year; her top photographic model, nearly \$60,000.

"You can't blame the models," said Charles Rudolf, Jr., of Rudolf Gowns. "By free-lancing, some of them can earn in a month what a manufacturer can pay in a year."

Designers say the ideal fashion model is not necessarily a beauty. Herbert Sondheim said "carriage is the most important factor—a girl must have a flair for clothes. And good legs of course."

The head of the Plaza Five agency said to her the ideal "clothes horse" is represented in the measurements of one of her top models, Hope Bryce. Hope, a tall, lithe brunette, measures five feet, eight inches; has a 33½-inch bust, 21-inch waist, and 33½-inch hips.—United Press.

DRAMATIC BLACK AND WHITE



An ankle-length evening dress of white tulle with a black and white patterned background. Named "Nuages", it is decorated with a big bow of black velvet achieving a dramatic contrast. By Jacques Heim.—Agence France-Presse.

Designer Deprecates Male Interest In Lingerie Secrets

London. THE brazen modern male gawks unashamed into the windows of lingerie shops.

He reads the advertisements in women's magazines, too. So today Joy Ricardo, a brilliant young designer, suggested that the time has come to save the last vestiges of feminine illusion.

She wants the keenest minds of the fashion industry to scheme some way of keeping female figure secrets away from the mass of the male population, before it is too late.

"There are still a lot of men in the subject," said Miss Ricardo who served her apprenticeship in the Hollywood studios, "but every day their number is decreasing. When it comes to fashion, ignorance is bliss—for the male—and I want to keep the men happy." Miss Ricardo cites the case of the topless evening gowns. "As long as men did not know how they were held up and, I suppose, subconsciously assessed the chances of an accident, these were very popular. Now every man knows they are wired securely—if he can't actually see the wiring cut into the flesh.

"I think the style was doomed the moment men began to speculate on the engineering involved in keeping the top firmly in place."

Miss Ricardo says it appals her to discover how many men she meets who know all about devices for making hips look small or busts look big.

AND THEN THE BEAU THINKS —

"A girl spends time and money dressing herself expensively and well," she said. "Then she meets her beau. He says she looks lovely. But he is thinking, 'all that draping around the hips is designed to hide the fact she is too broad where it shouldn't be too broad.'"

"This man and his horde of smirking know-all friends defeat the purposes of the designer. They know that shirring and draping around the bosom are designed to make it appear to be more than it is, that painters help hide hip-fulness, that padding around the waist makes the hips look narrower, that puff sleeves are good for thin shoulders and so on."

Miss Ricardo said she did not want to be more specific since her story might be read by those who still believe there is no more to a pretty girl than meets the eye.

"We could start by making advertisements more general, leaving the special descriptions to be given by the salesladies tete-a-tete," said Miss Ricardo. "And lingerie shops could co-operate by keeping the more clinical undergarments out of sight."

"But this is bigger than both of us. It's a problem for the whole industry."—United Press.



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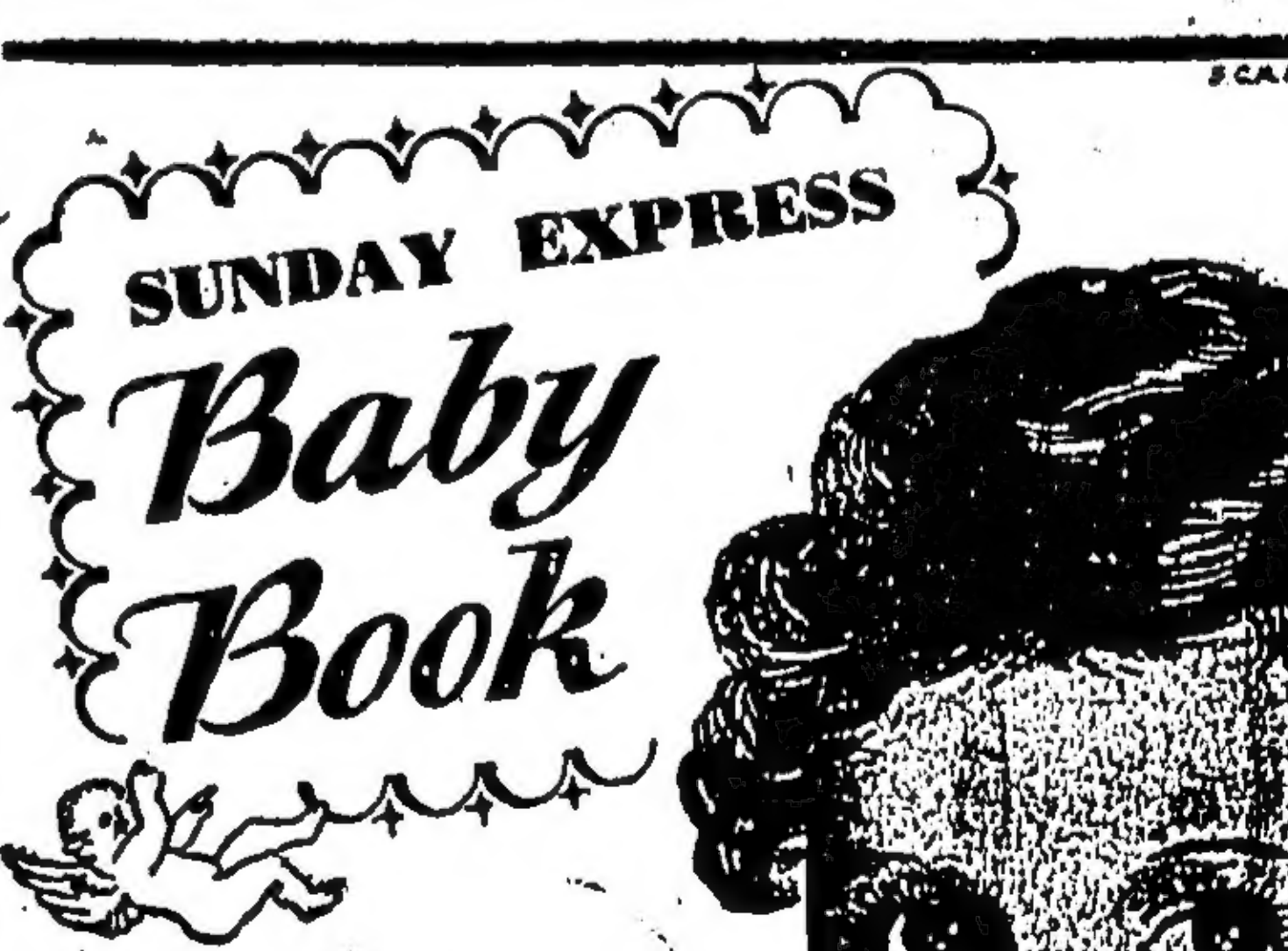
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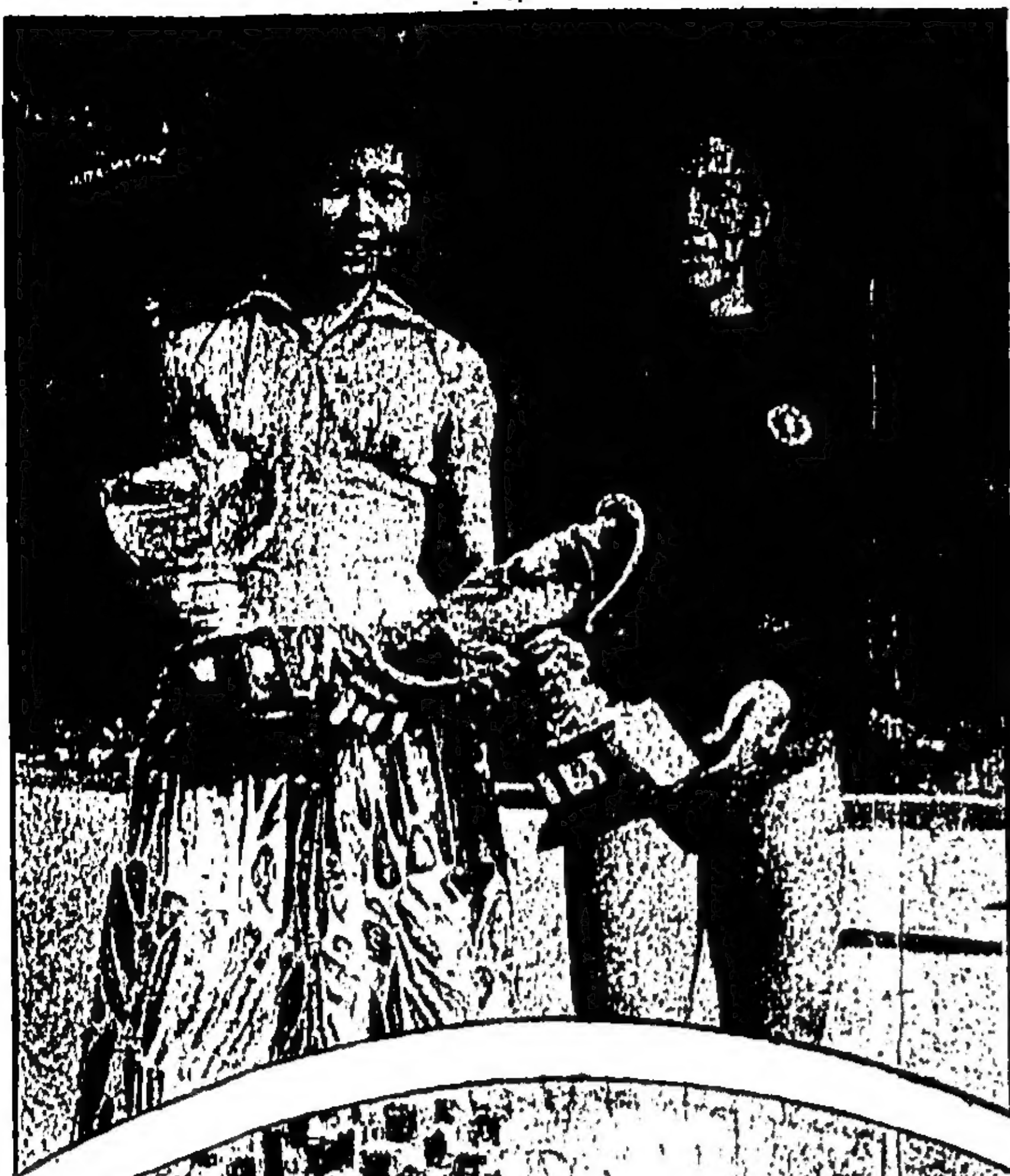
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LEFT: The stars at last week-end's Colony open Chinese swimming championships—Miss Fung Ying-chee and Wan Shiu-ming, with their trophies. The championships were held at the Chung Shing Pavilion, Kennedy Town. (Staff Photographer)

GUESTS drink a toast to the newlyweds. Picture taken at the wedding reception of Captain David Stroyan Wrinch, RA, and Miss Dagmar Rosalie Bowring. (Staff Photographer)



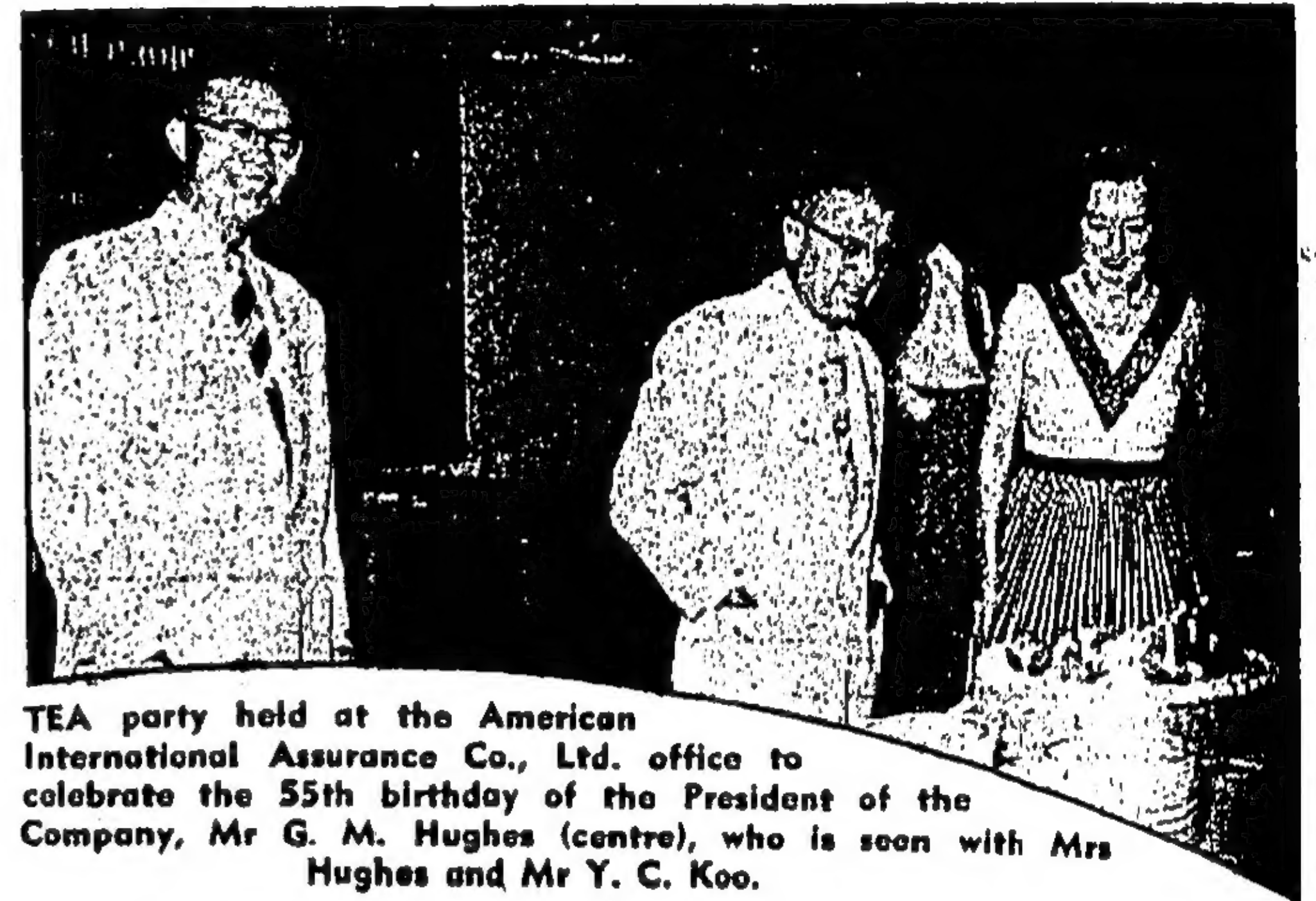
BRIGADIER L. N. Cholomeley and Brigadier T. F. de Jago arriving at St John's Cathedral to attend the memorial service for the late Lt.-Gen. Sir Otto Lund, Commissioner-in-Chief of the St John Ambulance Brigade. (Staff Photographer)



DR the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues, President of the Hongkong Badminton Association, and Mrs Rodrigues with the Malayan women's badminton team whom they entertained to tea. The Malayan girls beat Hongkong on Thursday, and will meet India in the second round of the Uber Cup. From left: Dr Rodrigues, Miss Dolly Tan, Mrs Cecilia Samuel (captain), Miss Tan Gaik-bee, Miss Lam Kit-lin, Miss Helen Hong and Mrs Rodrigues. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Carmen Yuen chose a fine selection of music for her piano recital at the Queen Elizabeth School. The proceeds were for the School's building fund. Her playing delighted a large audience. (Staff Photographer)



TEA party held at the American International Assurance Co., Ltd. office to celebrate the 55th birthday of the President of the Company, Mr G. M. Hughes (centre), who is seen with Mrs Hughes and Mr Y. C. Koo.



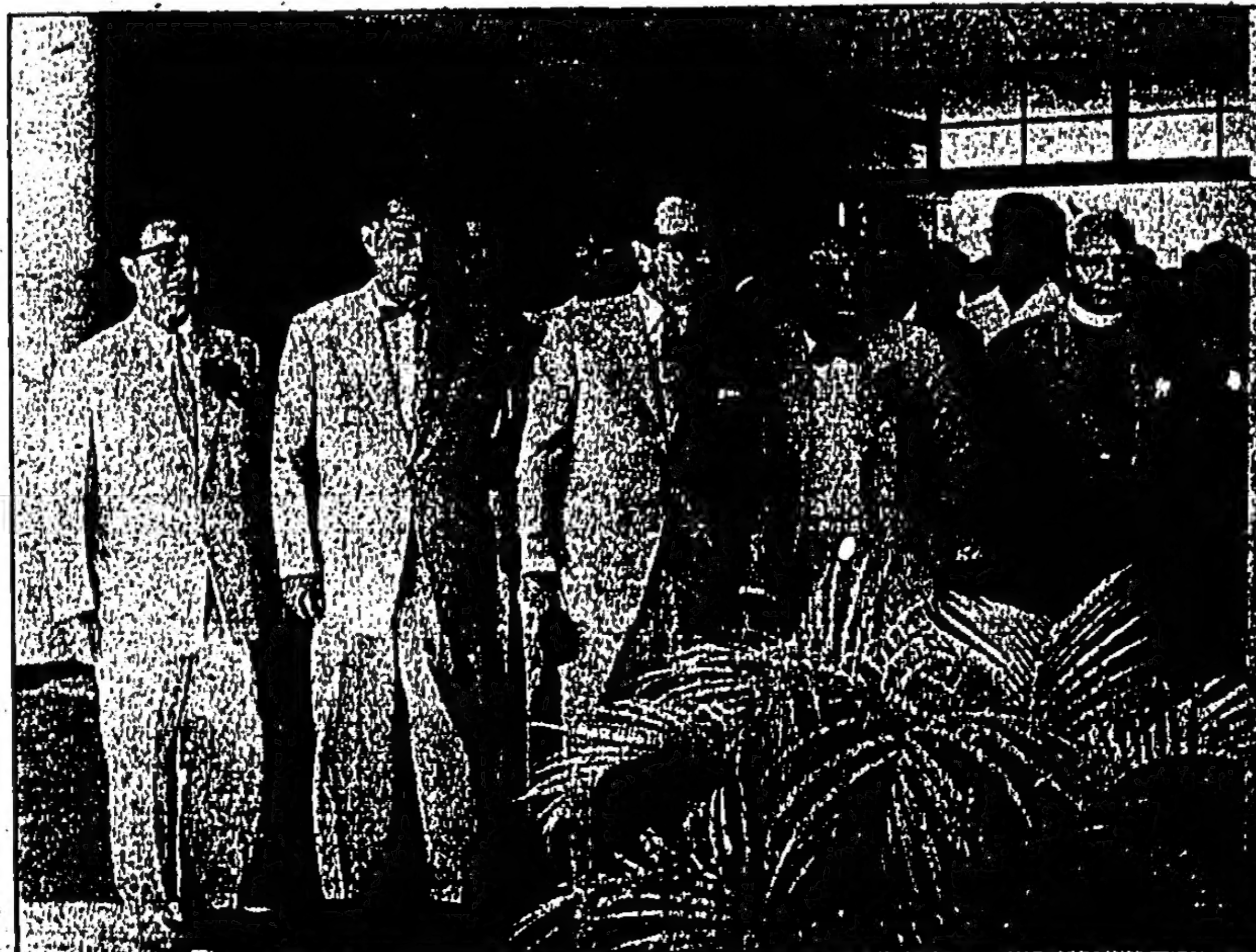
RIGHT: Picture taken at St Andrew's Church last Sunday after the christening of Joffery George Fenton, son of Mr and Mrs J. C. Fenton. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Gregor Piatigorsky (tallest of trio), the world-famous cellist, and his accompanist, Ralph Berkowitz, greeted at Kai Tak by Mr Harry Odell (centre). Piatigorsky gave one concert here. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The Hon. D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education, takes a look round the handsome new Yau Yat Chuen Primary School which he officially opened last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

SOLEMN Requiem Mass at the Roman Catholic Cathedral for Bernard Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster and Roman Catholic Primate of England and Wales, who died on August 20. (Staff Photographer)



ONE CALL



WILL DO ALL...

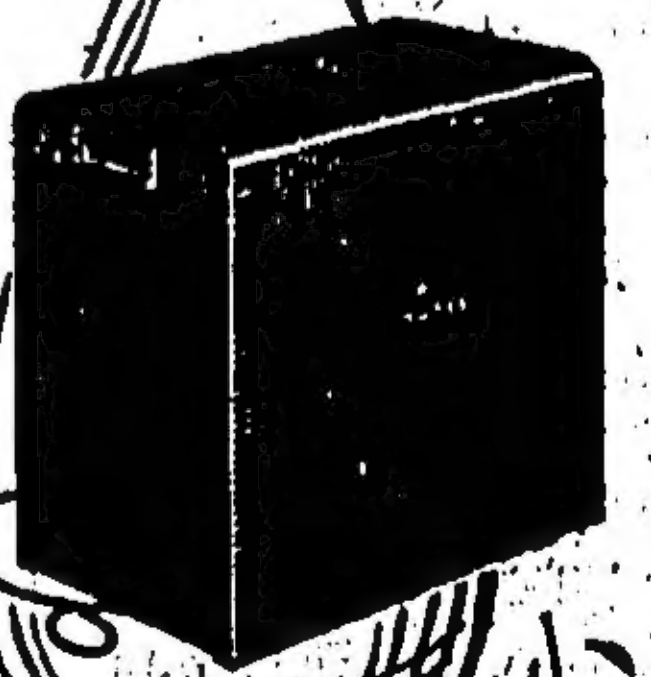
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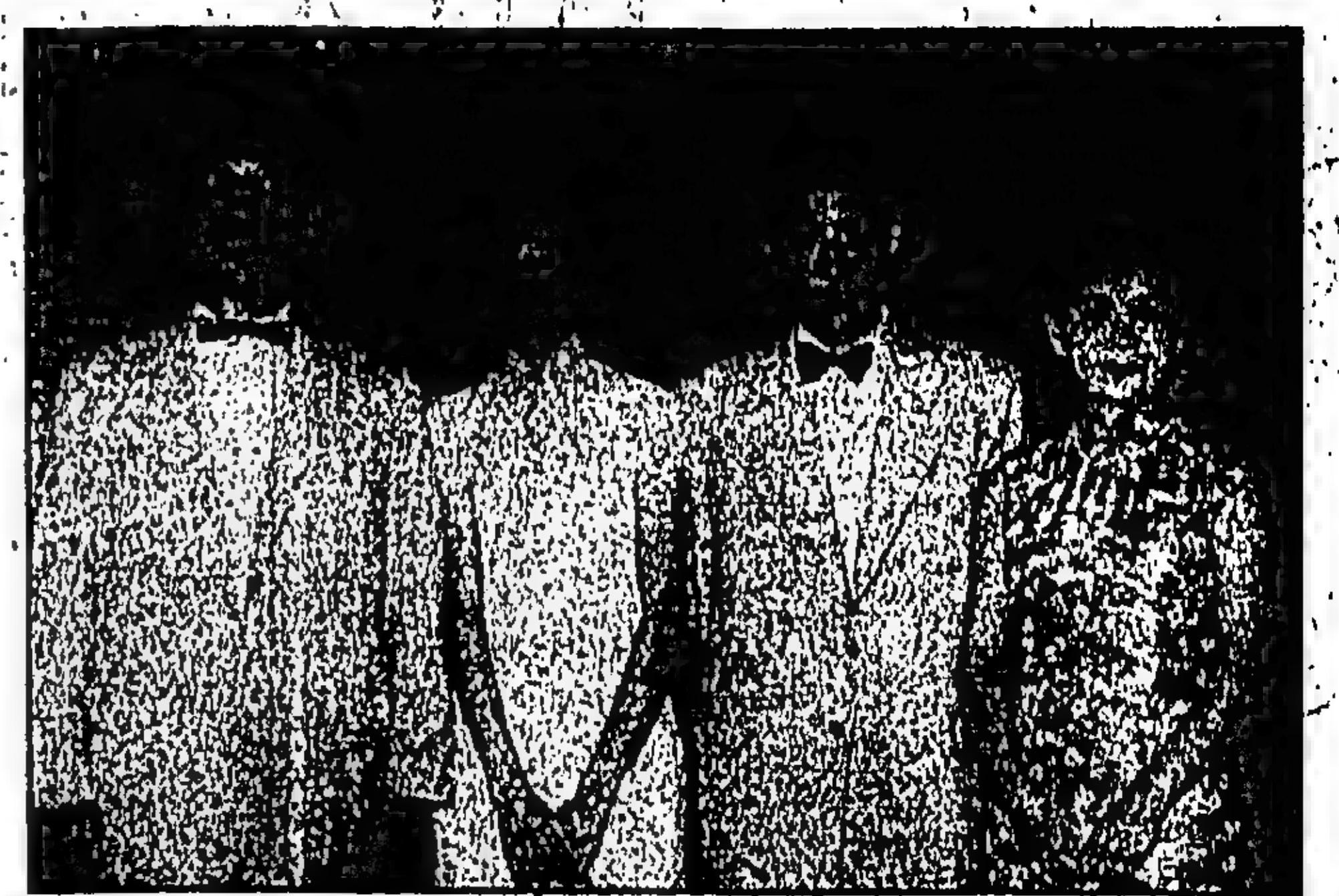
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MR Alfred E. Daff, President of Universal-International Films Inc., and his bride, the former Miss Annalisa Soderblom, here on their honeymoon, were entertained to dinner on Thursday night. They are seen with the Hon. Sir Shouson Chow. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Dorothy Mendoza, 20, and Mr Morris Xavier, 23, winners of the Rock and Roll dance competition at the Queen's Theatre on Liberation Day. (Staff Photographer)



AT the farewell party given to Mr Leung Chiu-man, Supreme Court Clerk, by the Judiciary and Legal Department and others of the legal profession to wish him bon voyage on the eve of his departure for England where he is going for training. From left: Mr and Mrs Chang To and Mr and Mrs Leung Chiu-man. (Staff Photographer)



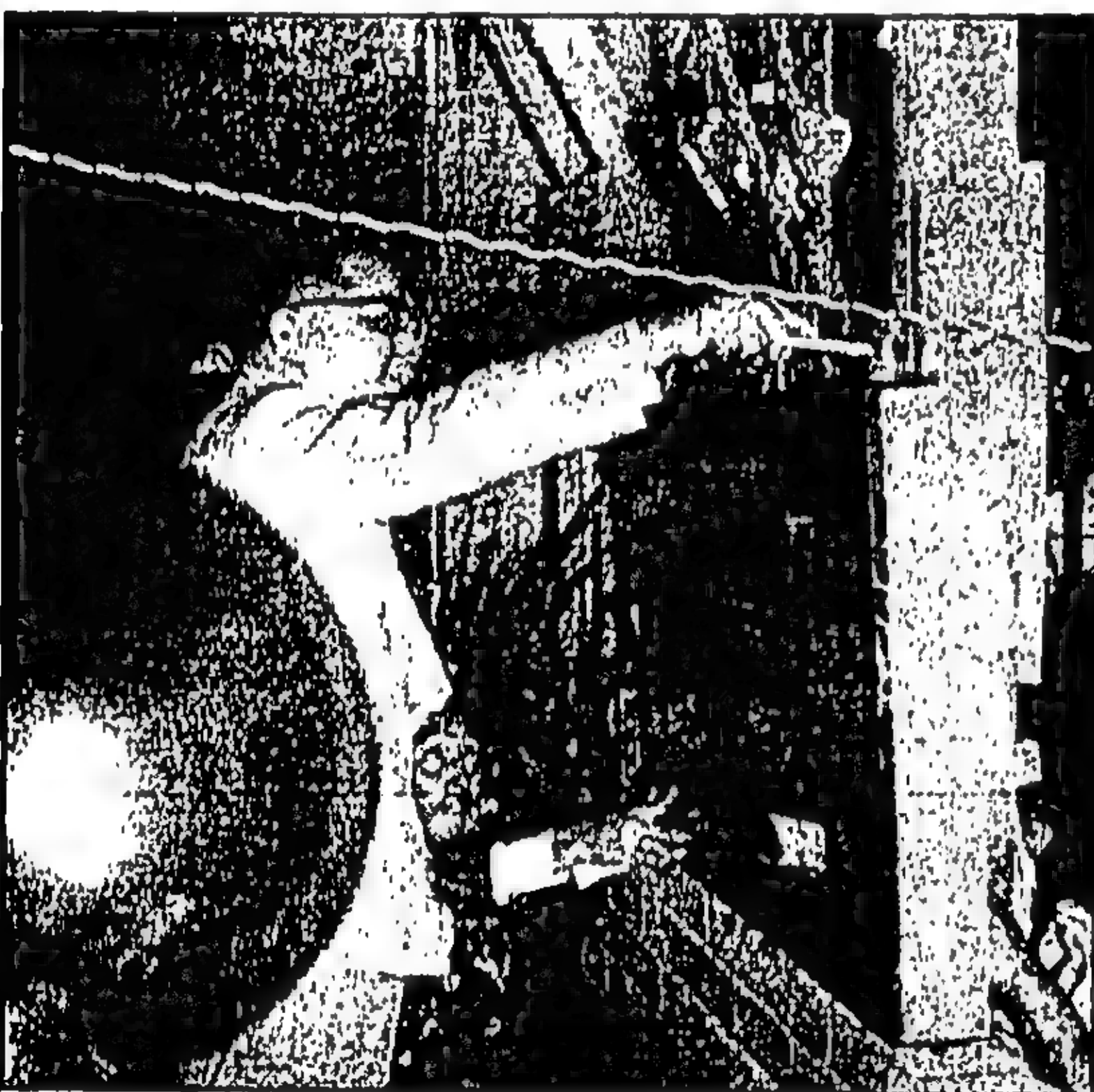
ALL ready for the plunge! A group of young competitors lined up for the start of a race at the Shako Country Club children's swimming gala. (Staff Photographer)



MAJOR G. C. S. Turner, representing HQLF 'B' team, receiving the Windsor Challenge Cup for the Services Inter-Unit Golf Championship from the Commander, British Forces, Lt-Gon. W. H. Stratton. (Staff Photographer)



CHRISTENING at St Teresa's Church last Sunday of baby Lionel David, son of Mr and Mrs L. D. Blunden. Chev. J. M. Alves and Mrs C. Baynon were the godparents. (Staff Photographer)



MR Shum Wai-yau laying the foundation stone of the new Shaikwan Centre of the Society for the Protection of Children. (Staff Photographer)



NIPPON University's water polo squad proved too good for the combined Army-Hongkong Regiment side, which they trounced 13-1 at the Victoria Barracks Pool. The teams after their game. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Mr Percy Chen, the barrister (left), entertained to dinner by the Chinese Reform Club before his departure for a holiday in Peking. (Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Hongkong Private English Schools Association and friends wave from the launch Embassy as it pulled away from Queen's Pier for an enjoyable picnic last week. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: At St Lazarus Church in Macao last Sunday a Mass was said in celebration of the silver jubilee of Father Antonio Ngan's entry to the priesthood. Father Ngan is seen here with the Bishop of Macao, Monsignor Policarpo da Costa Vaz, on his right. (Oscar)



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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



CLASSIC CARDIGAN

MATERIALS: 22 ozs. Munro-spoon "Sports" wool 1 pair each No. 9 and 11 Knitting Needles, 5 buttons

MEASUREMENTS:

Bust 36 ins.
Length 23 ins.
Sleeve seam 17½ ins.

TENSION: 5 sts to 1 in.

IMPORTANT: To make a garment of the correct size the above tension should be maintained throughout. It is advisable to knit a small sample before beginning the garment and to use a size larger or smaller needle if the required tension cannot be obtained with the needles stated.

ABBREVIATIONS: K knit; p purl; st or sta stitch or stitches; in or ins inch or inches; 1st stocking stitch; inc increase (reg); dec decrease (reg); alt alternate; cont continue; beg beginning; foll following; tog together; th through back of loops; wldwld wool forward; wldwld wool back; rep repeat; sl slip

BACK

Using No. 9 needles cast on 46 sts and work 9 rows in st (i.e. 1 row k, 1 row p alternately).

Next row: K to form hemline.

Next row: K, then cont in st until work measures 14 ins from hemline ending with a p row.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts at beg of next 2 rows.

Next row: K 3, k 2 tog, 1 st, k to last 5 sts, k 2 tog, k 3.

Next row: P.

Rep from * to * until 71 sts remain.

Cont without further shaping until work measures 22½ ins from beg.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 8 sts at beg of next 4 rows.

Cast off remaining sts.

LEFT FRONT

Make pocket first: Using No. 9 needles cast on 20 sts and work in st for 4 ins. Leave these sts on a spare needle.

Now cont with left front: Using No. 9 needles cast on 46 sts and work 9 rows in st.

Next row: K to form hemline.

Now cont in st until work measures 5½ ins from hemline ending with row inside of work facing.

Now insert pocket lining thus—

Next row: K 14, sl next 20 sts on to a st holder and k 29 from spare needle to replace them, k 14.

Cont in st until work measures 14 ins from beg ending at side edge.

Shape Armhole and Front: Next row: Cast off 3 sts, k to last 5 sts, k 2 tog, k 3.

Next row: P.

* Next row: K 3, k 2 tog, 1 st, k to end.

Next row: P.

Next row: K 3, k 2 tog, 1 st, k to last 5 sts, k 2 tog, k 3.

Next row: P.

Rep from * to * until 32 sts remain then dec at front edge only until 24 sts remain.

Cont without further shaping until work measures 22½ ins from beg ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 8 sts at beg of next 3 armhole edge rows.

RIGHT FRONT

Work pocket as given for left front.

Now cont with right front: Using No. 9 needles cast on 46 sts and work 9 rows in st.

Next row: K to form hemline.

Now cont in st until work measures 5½ ins from hemline ending with row inside of work facing.

Next row: K 14, sl next 20 sts on to a st holder and k 29 from spare needle to replace them, k 14.

Cont in st until work measures 14 ins from beg ending at side edge.

Shape Armhole and Front: Next row: Cast off 3 sts, k to last 5 sts, k 2 tog, k 3.

Next row: P.

Next row: K 3, k 2 tog, 1 st, k to last 5 sts, k 2 tog, k 3.

Next row: P.

Rep from * to * until 32 sts remain then dec at front edge only until 24 sts remain.

Cont without further shaping until work measures 22½ ins from beg ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 8 sts at beg of next 3 armhole edge rows.



Shape Shoulder: Cast off 8 sts at beg of next 3 armhole edge rows.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles cast on 50 sts and work in st for 9 rows.

Next row: K to form hemline.

Cont in st until 1 st, at both ends of the 7th and every foll 8th row until there are 78 sts.

Cont without further shaping until work measures 17½ ins from hemline measured at side edge.

Shape Top: Cast off 3 sts at beg of next 2 rows.

Next row: K 3, k 2 tog, 1 st, k to last 5 sts, k 2 tog, k 3.

Next row: P.

Rep from * to * until 50 sts remain.

Cast off 10 sts at beg of next 3 rows.

FRONT BAND

Using No. 11 needles cast on 9 sts, k twice into each st.

Next row: K 1 wldwld, sl 1 purlwise, wldwld.

Rep from * to * until 24 sts remain.

Rep this row throughout.

Work 1½ ins then make a buttonhole thus—

1 st, wldwld, sl 1 purlwise, wldwld 3 times, k 1, cast off 4 sts, k 1, (wldwld, sl 1 purlwise, wldwld) 3 times.

Cast on 4 sts on next row to replace those cast off.

Make buttonholes at intervals of 3½ ins until 4 more buttonholes have been worked.

Cast until band is long enough to border all round front edge and back of neck when slightly stretched.

Cast off knitting 2 tog, all along row.

POCKET TOPS

Return to 20 sts left on st holder, work 1 row in reverse st, for hem and cont to work in st for a further 1½ ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces to correct measurements with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

Join shoulder seams and set in sleeves. Press these seams. Join side and sleeve seams. Hem pockets on inside and turn in hem. Turn up hem along lower edge and on sleeves. Sew on front band. Overstitch buttonholes and sew on buttons to correspond.

Press hems and seams.

Colour Gives A Kick To Decor

By Hazel Meyrick

London

THEY are saying in London that the Englishwoman and her margarine-coloured wall have at last parted company. Until now a background of cream paint, teamed with brown furniture and a green carpet, has been the dreary uniform of the average English home.

But egged on by what she has seen at the new Design Centre, what she has read in the magazines and seen on television, the London housewife has at last been persuaded that there is nothing decadent or indecent about living against a bright background, and so colour is creeping into the house.

Colour has invaded the kitchen with a vengeance—you can now buy your electric mixer, washing machine or refrigerator in any shade from bright scarlet to Arctic green—though there seems to be something wrong, to me, about a red refrigerator.

Ovenproof glassware has blossomed forth in all shades of the rainbow, which makes it an attractive proposition to bring it straight from the oven to the table, and you can now find mixing bowls, for instance, Guardsman red or sunflower yellow.

GLEAMS AND GLITTERS

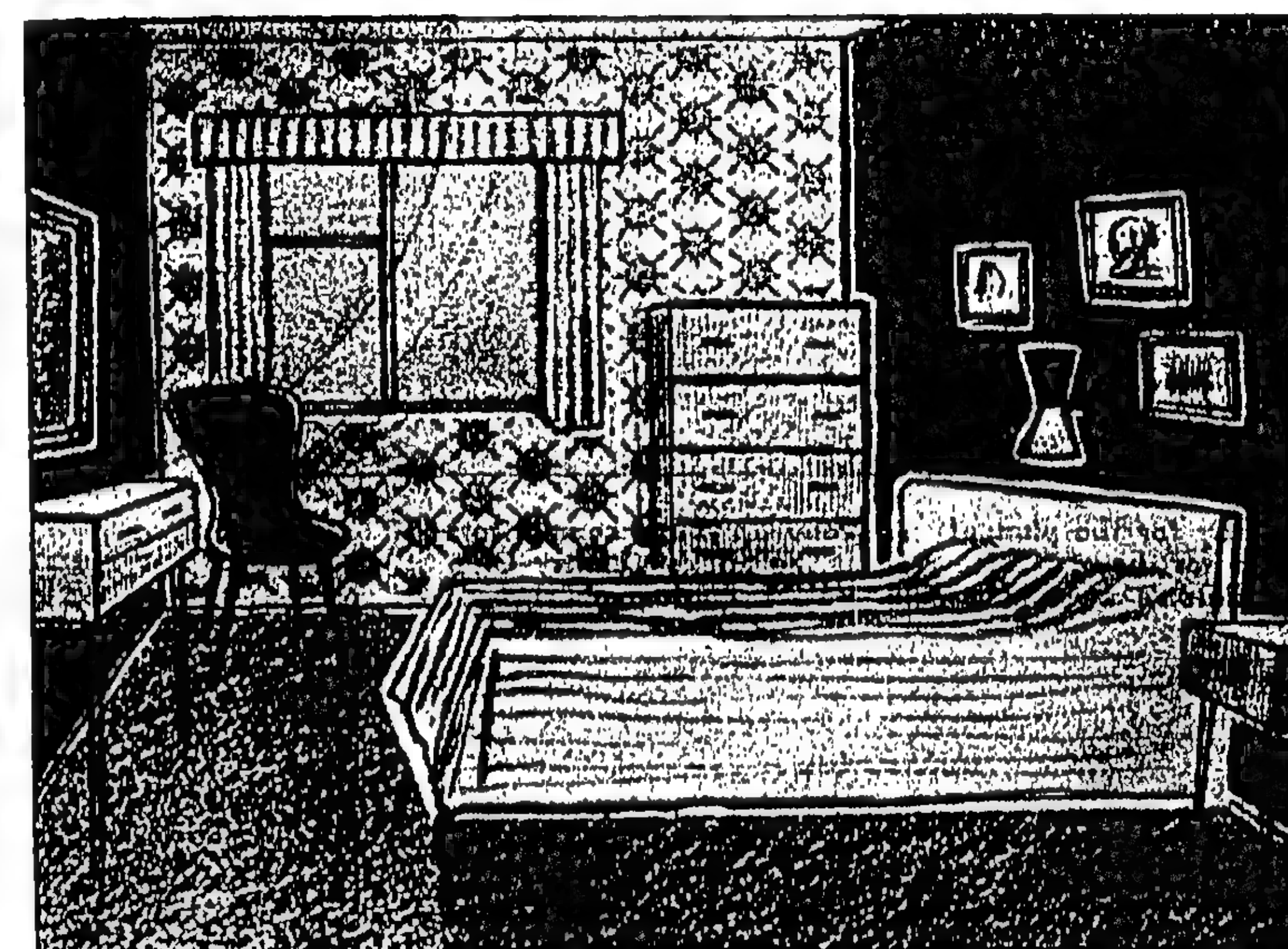
The new, colourful house furnishings are interwoven with gleaming non-durable metal threads. Tibor Reich, Britain's most progressive fabric designer, is already producing sparkling curtain materials. And in the shops is furniture upholstered in cyclamen, sparked with gold, for instance, or peacock shot with black metallic thread. You can buy two-faced cushions, too, in scarlet reversing onto silver, or green onto blue.

Carpeting is being given glitter appeal, and a best-seller with lovers of both traditional and contemporary furniture is a rose-splashed carpet, liberally laced with gold, which glitters expensively under artificial light.

Colour comes into the carpet world with the aid of synthetics. A new by-the-yard close-carpentering now in the London shops is made from thick, tufted viscose yarn, backed by a protective layer of latex, it takes dye particularly well, and can be produced in all kinds of bright colours.

It is extremely hard-wearing and, of course, moth-proof. Easy to cut and lay, this new carpeting is already available in a wide range of bright colours including blueberry, a mauve-blue shade which will go with practically anything, does not show the dirt.

The do-it-yourself craze is firmly settled in now, and an accepted part of British domestic life. It has become the rule, rather than the exception, to decorate your own home, and



New, cheaper synthetic carpeting gives a luxurious atmosphere to any room, make a wall to wall-fitted carpet possible for rooms of any size or shape.

advanced do-it-yourself maniacs can now make themselves anything from a Hi-Fi radiogram and tape recorder to a fibreglass yacht from special kits.

In the space of an hour or so, even the uninitiated can make themselves a contemporary-style coffee table, bookcase or room divider which will defy criticism.

Not to be outdone, the makers of what is known in the trade as "Jacko" furniture—cheap, mass-produced Jacobean-style suites with machine-carved legs, heavily ornamented door handles, are also producing furniture kits.

So now, when you make yourself a table you can choose between stark splavoyed legs or elaborately bulging calves, plentifully ornamented with machined wood carving.

The newest craze with the avant-garde home furnisher is mosaic. You buy up a boxful of miniature half-inch tiles imported from Italy, arrange them according to your fancy on a special base, and you have the beginning of anything from a tiled patio to a tea-table.

Stout and heavy, they cannot be overturned by mountaineering children, dogs or clumsy guests. The tops are completely heat-proof, of course, and can be wiped clean in a second.

Denis Williams, a London tile importer, who sells mosaic by the ton for commercial use, has been surprised lately to find his obscure shop flooded with eager amateurs, delving into tubs of tiles.

The more ambitious buy the mosaic by the barrelful, and use it to make strange surrealist pictures, or giant murals for the bathroom. It is advisable, we are told, to make sure of your cement before contemplating work of this kind, for we did hear of an unfortunate who bedded his mosaic in fireclay by mistake, and was buried under an avalanche of tiles while taking a bath.

Strangest tiling task that Mr Williams has done to date was to line the entrance hall of a cosmetic manufacturer's home with white tiles, then decorate it with giant pillars of varying shades of nightmare red mosaic—to match the complete range of lipstick manufactured by his firm.

Heat-proof mosaic

Mosaic makes good coffee tables (the tiles are bedded in cement on a top of chipboard).

Stout and heavy, they cannot be overturned by mountaineering children, dogs or clumsy guests. The tops are completely heat-proof, of course, and can be wiped clean in a second.

Denis Williams, a London tile importer, who sells mosaic by the ton for commercial use, has been surprised lately to find his obscure shop flooded with eager

Knitted Lace Stole

MATERIALS: Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 Grams), 7 balls selected colour 1 pair Midlands "Phantom" Knitting Needles No. 11

TENSION: 10 rows 1 ins (2.5 cm)

MEASUREMENTS: 60 in (1 m, 52.3 cm) across top, 43 in (1 m, 109.2 cm) along each side

ABBREVIATIONS: K—knit; p—purl; st—stitch; sl—slip; tog—together

DIRECTIONS

Cast on 1 st.

1st Row: K 1, p 1, k 1 into first st.

2nd Row: K 1, p 1 into first st, p 1, k 1 into last st.

3rd Row: Sl 1, k 1, k 1, p 1, k 1 into next st, k 2.

4th Row: Sl 1, k 1, p 1 into next st, p 1, k 1 into last st, k 2.

5th Row: Sl 1, k 1, k 1, p 1, k 1 into next st, p 3 tog, k 1, p 1 into next st, k 2.

6th Row: As 4th row.

7th Row: Sl 1, k 1, k 1, p 1, k 1 into next st, p 3 tog, k 1, p 1 into next st, p 3 tog, k 1, p 1 into next st, k 2.

8th Row: As 4th row.

9th Row: Sl 1, k 1, k 1, p 1, k 1 into next st, p 3 tog, k 1, p 1 into next st, p 3 tog, k 1, p 1 into next st, k 2.

Repeat 8th and 9th rows 132 times more, then 4th row once more (548 sts). Cast off.

FRINGE

Cut yarn into 8 in. (20.3 cm.) lengths for fringe. Using 8 lengths for each, make a knotted fringe, evenly spaced along each side.

Damp and press.



Household Hints

If you are purchasing draperies that will provide privacy when you want it, choose the wall type A pull drapery should be wide enough to cover the entire window or hallway opening.

The length of the draperies depends on the height of the ceiling and the effect you want to achieve. Long curtains or draperies in a room with a low ceiling tend to increase the room's apparent height. More material is required for a pull drapery than for slide drapes.

Stains will disappear from sinks and washbats if you clean them with a solution made of equal parts of baking soda and chlorinated lime with boiling water. Spread paste on stains. Let stand a few minutes before rinsing.

This mixture will help you remove old varnish from furniture: 1 quart water to which 3 tablespoons washing soda have been added. Apply and then scrub with rough cloth.

The best way to clean gilt frames is to pat lightly with a solution of equal parts of ammonia and denatured alcohol. Take up soil with a dry pad. Finish with a little lemon oil to lend lustre.

SHOULD SWEETS BE EXCLUDED FROM CHILDREN'S DIET?

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

I HAVE put myself on record repeatedly in opposition to health rules. I don't want my life regulated by somebody else's rules and I don't think that I have a right to prescribe rules for anybody else.

Take, for example the hard and fast dictum to permit no foods to children between meals except vegetable and fruits. This is undoubtedly a good theory, but few children understand medical theories. Many children with small appetites are unable to eat enough food at regular meals and they may become very hungry between meals. Maybe they do not like fruits or vegetables well enough to eat them. Should such children be denied a peanut butter sandwich, a simple cookie or a small glass of milk between meals? I don't think so.

Closely coupled with this is a rule to permit no liquids between meals except water. This is obviously aimed at soft drinks. I am no advocate of flooding a child with soft drinks, but neither am I fanatically opposed to all use of soft drinks by children.

between meals except water.

This is obviously aimed at soft drinks. I am no advocate of flooding a child with soft drinks, but neither am I fanatically opposed to all use of soft drinks by children.

slowing of growth appetite diminishes.

Few children can eat three large meals a day; many do very well on two and some thrive on one. At other meal-times these children will eat much less and only part of it.

If they are given an opportunity to partake of many varieties of food there need be no fear of malnutrition. There is no point in talking needless issue with the child over his eating.

Many children have difficulty eating meat because of the chewing problem. This can often be solved by using hamburger which contains just as good meat protein as roast beef, steaks or pork chops. Made into meat loaf or meat balls, hamburger is often relished by the young child.

The burning question in many families is the consumption by children of cookies, cake, ice cream, pie, sugared popcorn confections, popcorn, candy, or soft drinks. These are the things that a child really likes.

Hard and fast exclusion from the diet creates a rebellious child and may pose an eating problem even the foods the child

One of the most common causes of complications between parents and children is the parental feeling that the growing child must continue to eat as he grows in proportion to the way he ate when he was a baby. This is illogical, because growth slows up in the "tummy" about age 12, and with the

should eat. These sweets should certainly not constitute too large a portion of a child's diet but after a child has had what he should have there is no real harm done by permitting him an occasional limited indulgence in these dietary frivolities.

GOOD EXAMPLE

Limitations in a child's diet are most difficult to enforce if older children and adults are permitted the indulgence denied to the smaller child. The infant and young child accepts his own diet and if he were offered a piece of pie, he would not know what to do with it but when the youngster sits up and feeds himself he wants what his parents and older children are having. He has not yet reached an age of reason where he accepts explanations for not having what he wants.

If you are going to enforce a ban against ice cream, then you must not have it at the table yourself. The same goes for other food stuffs, just as it does for alcohol and tobacco. Young people who see that their parents are smoking and drinking are not going to be impressed by the evils of alcohol and tobacco.

We need a great deal more common sense and a more liberal use of the good example rather than more rigid rules and regulations.

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"I suppose it would be silly to hope that the Russians might sell the Egyptians up the river before the Americans sell us!"

KENNETH ALLSOP'S RECORD ROUND

THE £1,000 A WEEK
TEENAGERS' IDOL

THE whinnings of love-maddened Frankie Vaughan fans still seeped through the dropped curtains of the Blackpool pier-head theatre. But backstage Vaughan was telling me about the familiar sound of his childhood, before he became a £1,000-a-week singer—the shrill of a policeman's whistle.

While the 27-year-old son of a Jewish upholsterer

(real name: 'Ableson') stripped off a top hat and tails, he said: "I grew up in a Liverpool slum, in a real Cohen and Kelly area. I was in gang wars. You had to fight and steal—otherwise you were 'chicken.' At the age of four I was look-out for a mob of warehouse breakers—until a big Irish cop picked me off a wall and took me home to mother."

ARTLY LUCK

"A lot of my friends went to Borstal. I could easily have become a shady character. It was partly my family's influence and partly luck that kept me out of bad trouble."

The only bad trouble Frankie Vaughan has nowadays is with gangs of teenage hooligans who encircle him with raised ballpoint pens and the gaping jaws of autograph albums.

Business-like, he says: "These kids are my bread and butter." But both sides, and him too, I gathered, are riding in his new £2,000 Plymouth Belvedere back to his 17 guinea-a-week house to meet wife Stella and baby David Simon.

But he does not forget the days of hard luck. That is why he spends a considerable amount of time

and energy supporting boys' clubs. All the proceeds from his Philips record of "Seventeen" (250,000 sales) went to the Boys' Clubs Association and he is about to do another money-raising concert tour for them.

BOMBED OUT

His rise—"out of all that seum and rottenness"—was partly inadvertent. Bombed out of Liverpool, family moved to Lancaster. Young Ableson got a scholarship to a grammar school, studied art, went into the Army and came out determined to paint.

He borrowed £5 from his father and stormed London. The storm turned out to be only a damp drizzle. No jobs, no work. The £5 became a handful of dust. What he still had left were his looks—and a voice, experimented with during Service social evenings.

So he performed before an agent and the agent immediately put him out to perform before provincial audiences at £100 a week.

Since then—ever wider audiences, via television and records. But, unlike many of the new big-money record set, Vaughan can perform "All those girls see me as a happy character," he said "Punch and sincerity—they're the things that count."

Latest Vaughan record: "Let's Go Steady" (Philips 78).



A CERTAIN SMILE. By Francois Sagan. Murray. 8s. 6d. 132 pages.

THERE were two questions that Dominique liked to ask people. The first was "Are you in love?" The second was "What are you reading?" All other things were less important.

Dominique was very young. She studied at the Sorbonne. She liked jazz, the novels of Jean-Paul Sartre and straight whisky. Her lover was a tall, slender, named Bertrand, but the affair was beginning to bore her. Bertrand, she felt, was sentimental.

Then along came Luc. Luc was Bertrand's uncle, a middle-aged lawyer with strong hands, a slow way of speaking and an understanding wife named Françoise. Luc was not sentimental.

He was just the type who tries to seduce young girls like me," thinks Dominique. And she thought does not alarm her at all.

The seduction goes according to plan. "We'll have a lot of fun together, just fun," Luc promises. They dance together, dine together, and finally go away to share a room with a view of the sea.

After two weeks they return to Paris. "It is a rare thing to say 'I like you' after two weeks' acquaintance," says Luc. And Dominique recognises the beginning of the end of the affair.

MISS SAGAN SHARPENS
HER SCALPEL

But the heart, alas, is still not beating

FICTION SHELF by PHILIP OAKES

When it happens there are no tears, no recriminations. "I am a woman, and I have loved a man," thinks Dominique. "It is a simple story; there is nothing to make a fuss about."

Françoise Sagan makes no fuss either. Her second novel (much better than *Bonjour Tristesse*) is strong, simple and beautifully controlled. It only lacks warmth. The love affair is opened up for inspection. The surgery is perfect. But the heart is no longer beating.

★ THE CALL HOME. By James Courage. Cape. 13s. 6d. 252 pages.

NORMAN GRANT went back to New Zealand to pick up the pieces. His wife was dead, killed in a car crash. His career as a doctor had come to a halt. And his own life was in the balance.

"You want to die," his young niece tells him. "I can see by your eyes." James Courage's novel charts the course of one man's return to the world with restraint, compassion and flinty writing.

★ BEYOND DESIRE. By Pierre La Mure. Collins. 15s. 384 pages.

FICTIONAL revamping of the life of Felix Mendelssohn with the bedroom scenes played fortissimo. Pace and a feeling for period, but the grapefruit is inches thick.

★ GOODBYE IS NOT WORTHWHILE. By William Mole. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d. 192 pages.

CALMING his conscience after sending a blackmailer to

the gallows, Caron Duke—wine merchant and detective extraordinary—encounters sudden death in the Bahamas. Excellent atmosphere and a sharp look at the smart set. Novel No. 2 sends Mr. Mole to the top of his class.

★ THE SLEEP OF REASON. By Warron Millor. Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d. 163 pages.

"THE sleep of reason produces monsters," Miller's monster is a McCarthyite senator named Mugonjude, whose witch hunt is still in full stride. Some excellent satire, subdued bawdry and shrewd comment.

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

THE ODDS GO AGAINST
A MARRIED GENIUS

SCHUMAN AND THE ROMANTIC AGE. By Marcel Brion. Collins. 21s. 375 pages.

ROBERT SCHUMANN had a genius for music and a talent for silence. After an hour, during which Schumann did not utter a word, Wagner said: "One cannot talk alone for ever." Schumann said: "Wagner talks incessantly. One cannot put up with it for long."

He had a beautiful wife, Clara, who was a talented pianist. This had its disadvantages. An Austrian archduke asked him, "Are you a musician too?" And when Clara was asked to the grand-ducal palace at Oldenburg, Schumann was not.

"It just shows how the odds are against me," he wrote, and thought of emigrating to America—a terrible decision, from which he was saved by reading a poem about a young man who went into a distant

country and met a fortune teller. "Clara read the poem, too, and was very thoughtful."

In due course, Schumann took up spiritualism. One night he jumped out of bed to write down a theme the angels had just sent him. Next day he was fished out of the Rhine and spent three years in an asylum where he died.

He was a great romantic composer and a dull methodical man with an infuriating streak of old-maidishness. Brion's study—a French symphony's book about a German romantic—suffers from a persistent cloudiness of meaning, probably inevitable in writing about music that "attempts to transcend music to reach the grand dialogue of the All with itself."

★ CLARA SCHUMANN AND BRAHMS, A PASSIONATE FRIENDSHIP. Edited by Marguerite and Jean Alley. Staples. 16s. 214 pages.

WHEN Schumann died, his beautiful wife was already being comforted by the

chivalrous attention of a young composer of 21, Johannes Brahms. He was kind to her; she was grateful to him; they wrote many letters to one another.

But, so far as can be guessed, the passion did not get beyond the letter-writing stage. Clara, aged 35 and endowed with a character, may have imposed limits on the affair. Or Brahms may have recoiled, beneath his high-flown regard for Clara, a basic dislike of her sex.

The letters which they exchanged make vivid, revealing, although inconclusive about the nature of the "passionate friendship" they are more interesting than the dialogue of the All with itself.

★ DRUM. By Anthony Sampson. Collins. 16s. 256 pages.

WHEN Sir Abe Bailey's son Jim started a Negro magazine in South Africa he asked his Oxford drum Sampson to join him. Editing Drum for three and a half years, Sampson shed some illusions.

"Cheese-cake, crime, animals, babies"—white or black, the workers of the world unite in their reading-tastes. What had started as a weekly run by white do-gooders became a shade darker, several degrees more popular.

Missionaries frowned; circulation soared; and Sampson learned about Africa the hard way.

Learned that in black Johannesburg, ruled by criminals, one African in every 30 will be murdered; the other 29 will be beaten up badly enough for the police to hear of it.

Apartheid, dividing the races artificially, sets up a magnetic sex-attraction across the colour-line. And who shall say where that line is to be drawn? "Close investigation of the whiteness of the whites would produce results that would shake the theory of apartheid to its foundations."

Candid, unseemly record of a young man's stay in one of the world's sore spots. Seen, near to, was trouble is just as ugly but far more complex.

★ THE COAST OF CORAL. By Arthur C. Clarke. Muller. 21s. 206 pages.

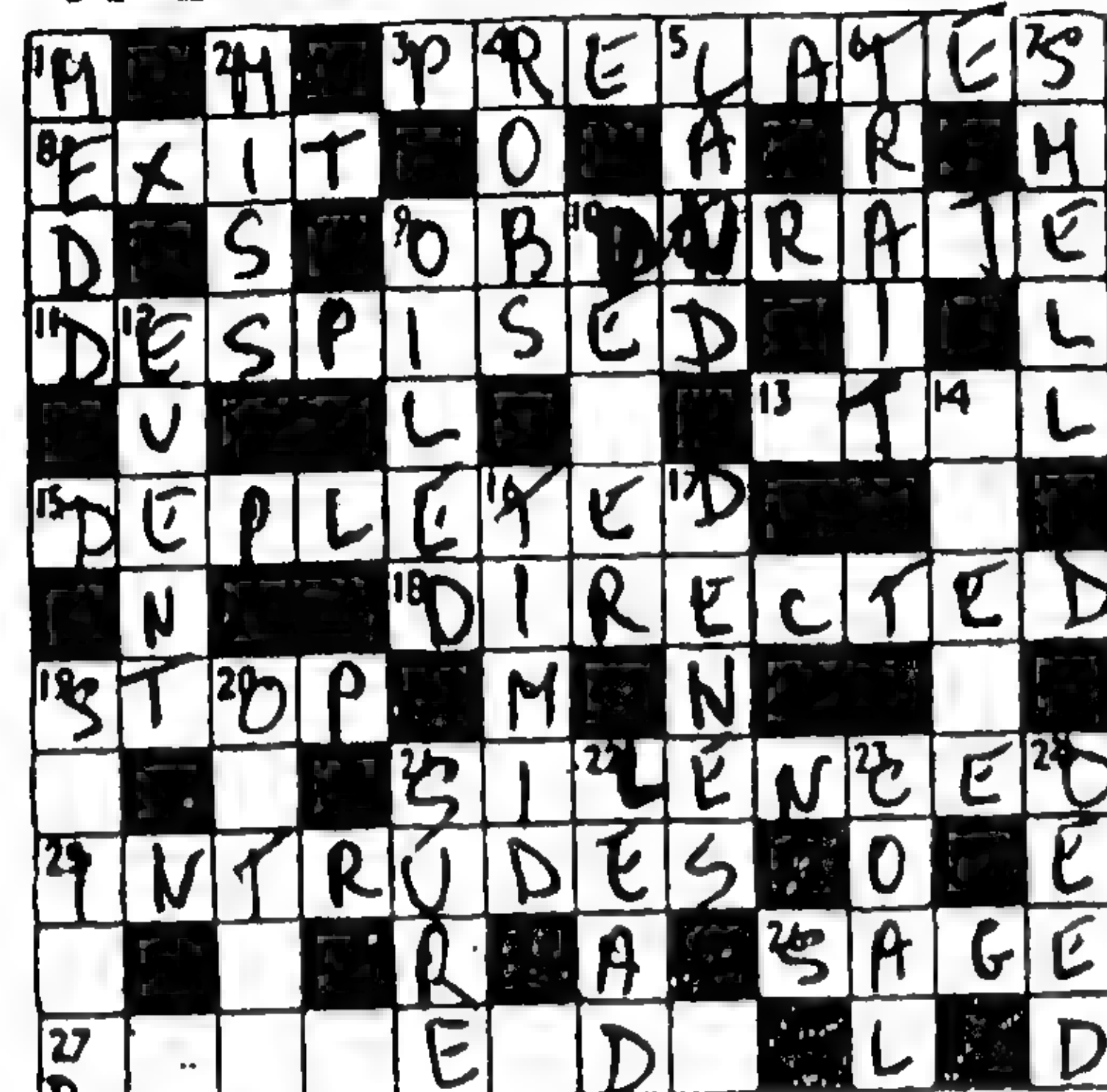
ARTHUR Clarke and Mike Wilson went exploring the stone under-sea jungles of the Australian Barrier Reef, with aquanaut and camera. Some day, they thought, the Reef would be a Mecca of underwater tourism and they wanted to get there before the crowd.

Coming up for air, Clarke composes a good-natured, vaguely readable addition to the shelf of underwater literature. It tells of a wonderfully strange land, of bristles, with highly dangerous fish and glimpses of beautiful ones, and it reports a belief confirmed. "The Reef could become one of the great playgrounds of the world."

★ THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS. By Millar Burrows. Secker and Warburg. 30s. 435 pages.

"MOST precious discovery of the third kind since the Greek and Latin classics came to light," the Dead Sea Scrolls have stirred curiosity, controversy, even alarm. Some curiosity will be satisfied—and some more whetted—by Dr. Burrows' full, convenient and on the whole, comprehensible account of the finds and what they mean to scholarship and religious belief.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS
- Church dignitary (8)
 - Way out (4)
 - Stubborn (8)
 - Scorned (8)
 - Saucy (4)
 - Exhausted (8)
 - Guilty (8)
 - Cause (4)
 - Quieted (8)
 - Trespasses (8)
 - Wise (4)
 - Swells (8)
- DOWN
- Repeat (4)
 - Daniel (4)
 - Plunder (4)
 - Prize (4)
 - Village (4)
 - Arms (4)
 - Laboured (4)
 - Summit (4)
 - Happening (4)
 - Steward (4)
 - Fiery (4)
 - Valleys (4)
 - Spotted (4)
 - Expletives (4)
 - Crane (4)
 - Go ahead (4)
 - Fuel (4)
 - Embroid (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD ACROSS: 1. Pound (4), 2. Aye (4), 3. Pines (4), 4. Patent (4), 5. Lingers (4), 6. Rattles (4), 7. Lenses (4), 8. Lenses (4), 9. Lenses (4), 10. Lenses (4), 11. Lenses (4), 12. Lenses (4), 13. Lenses (4), 14. Lenses (4), 15. Lenses (4), 16. Lenses (4), 17. Lenses (4), 18. Lenses (4), 19. Lenses (4), 20. Lenses (4), 21. Lenses (4), 22. Lenses (4), 23. Lenses (4), 24. Lenses (4), 25. Lenses (4), 26. Lenses (4), 27. Lenses (4).

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter



VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Where Credit Is Due

BY HARRY WEINERT



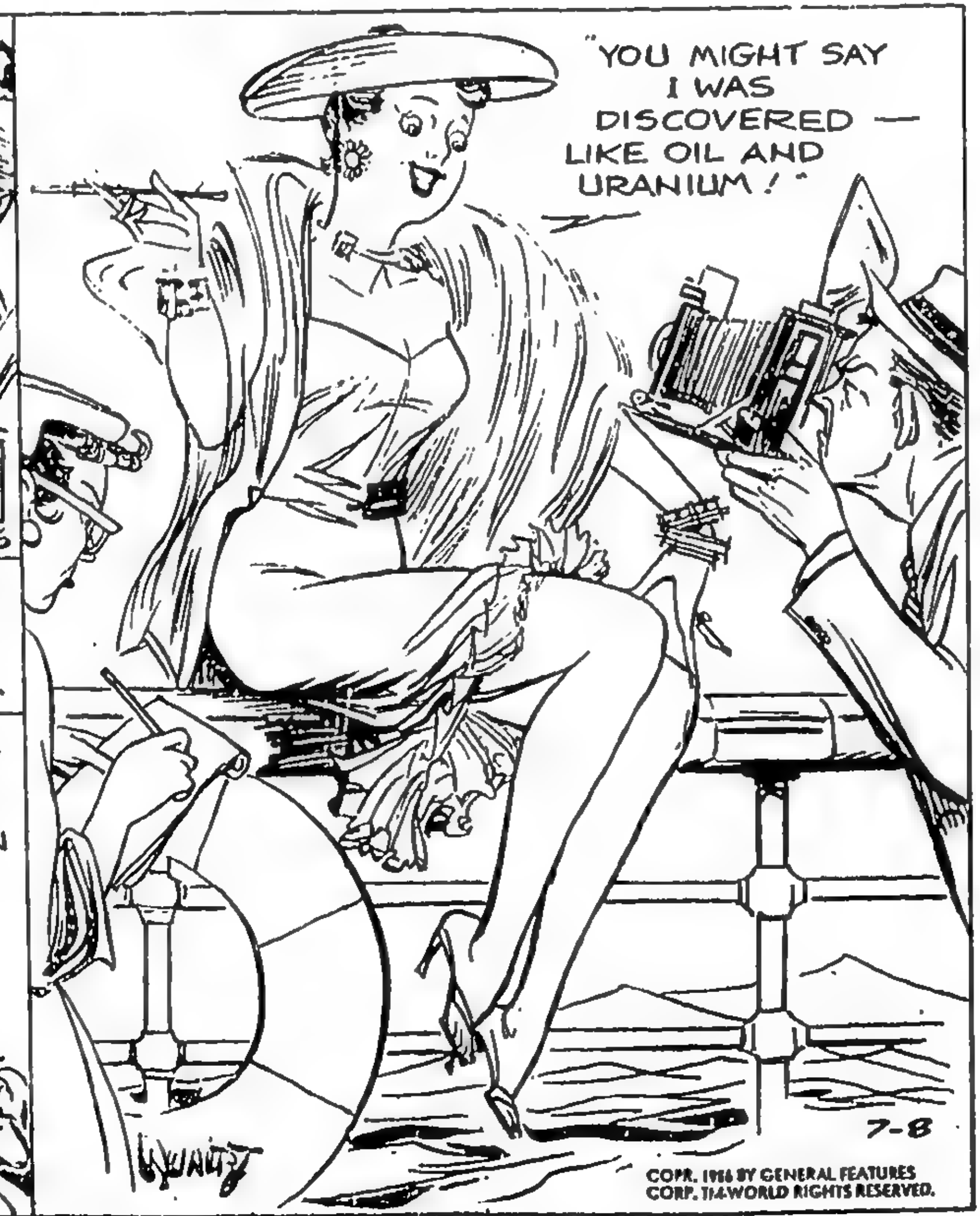
—SO, I MARRIED THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER— TOOK A HONEYMOON TRIP TO EUROPE AND WON THE IRISH SWEEPSTAKES!



ONCE IN A WHILE A MAN ADMITS THAT HIS SUCCESS WASN'T DUE TO EARLY RISING, STEADY PLUGGING AND A STRONG PERSONALITY BUT TO PLAIN BLIND LUCK.



AND SOME WIVES DESERVE CREDIT FOR MAKING SOMETHING OF THEIR HUSBANDS—OR EVEN TRYING TO.



"YOU MIGHT SAY I WAS DISCOVERED— LIKE OIL AND URANIUM!"



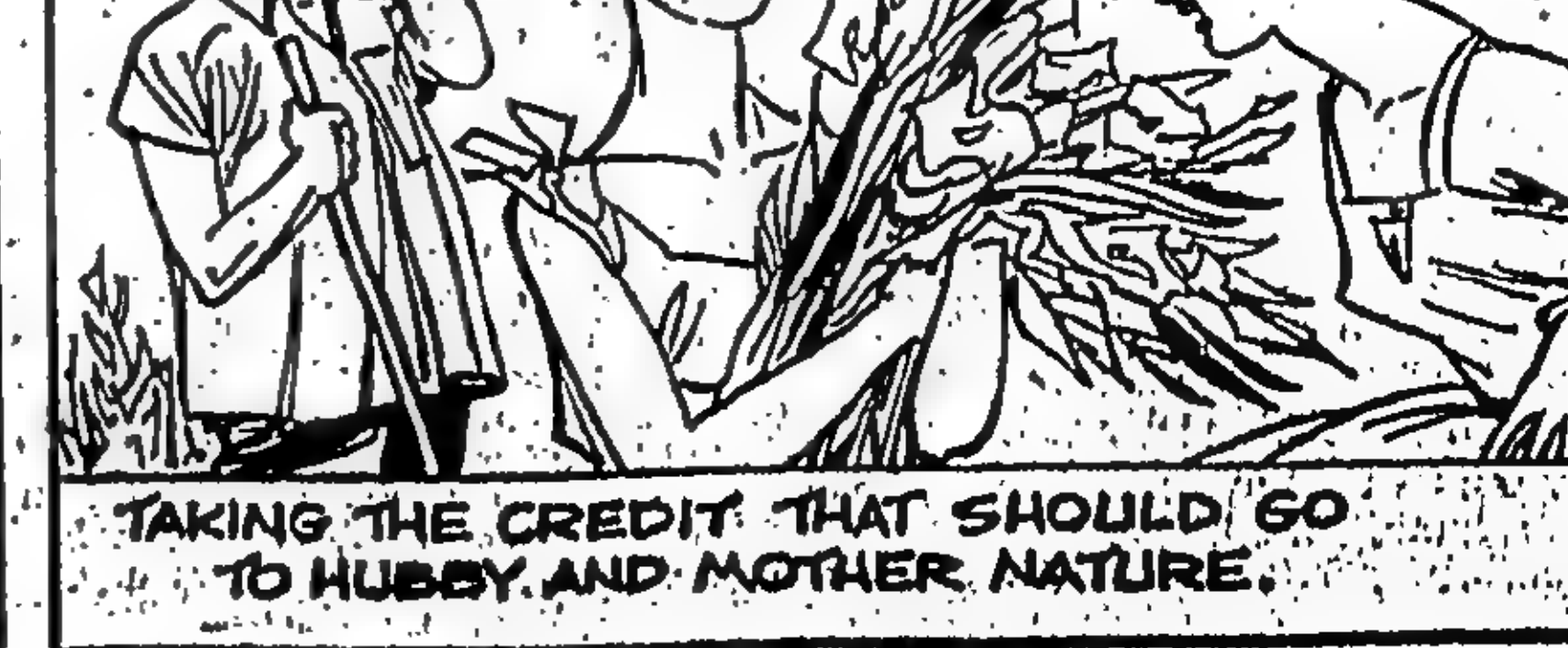
"I CAN'T TAKE ANY CREDIT— IT'S A GIFT!"



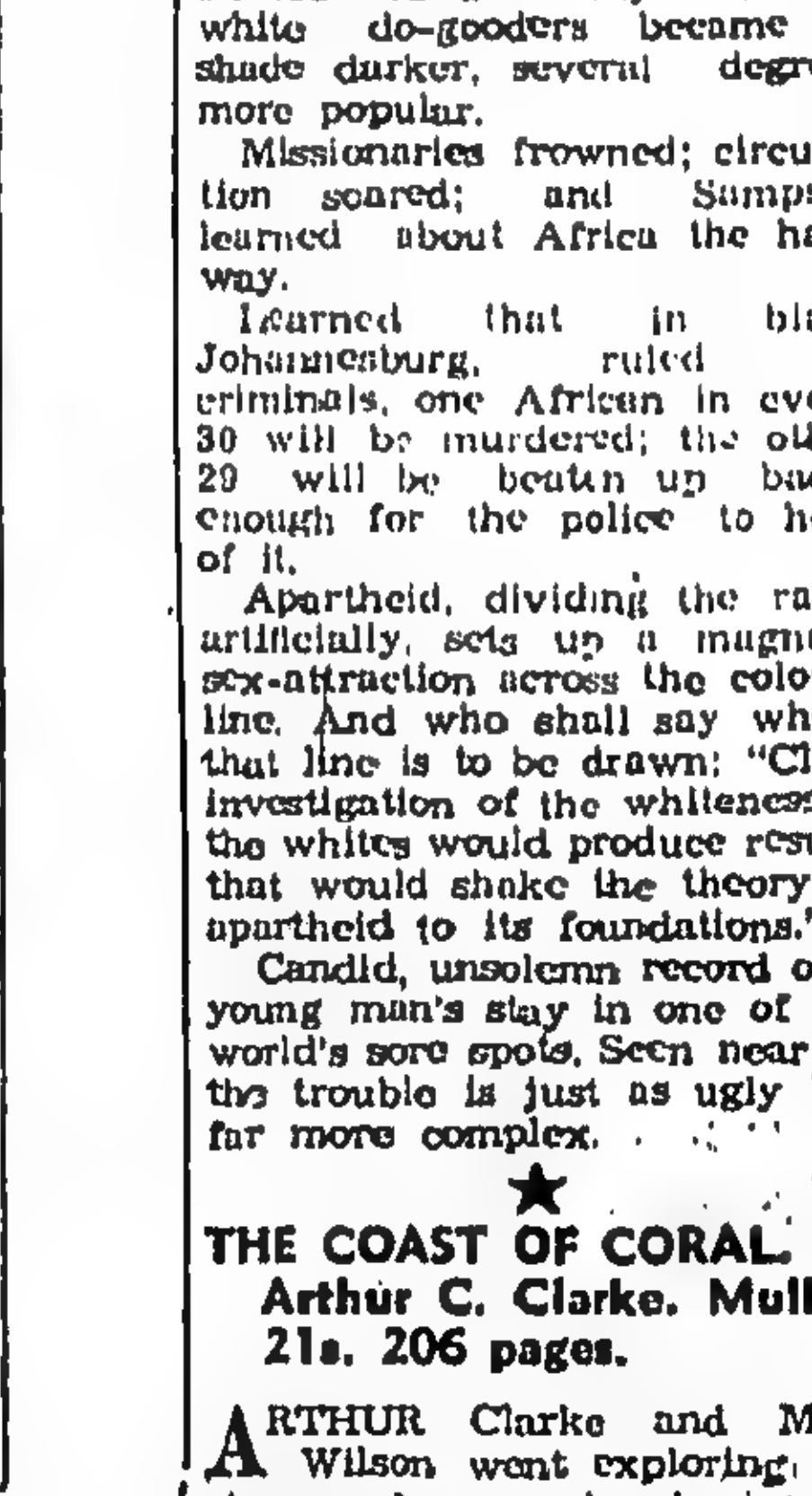
"TO WHAT DO YOU ATTRIBUTE YOUR TREMENDOUS POPULARITY?"



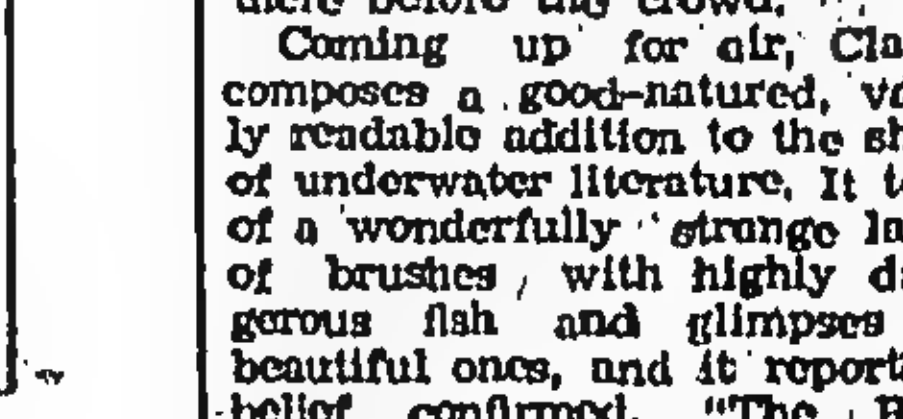
"WE SING OFF-KEY. WE CAN'T HELP IT!"



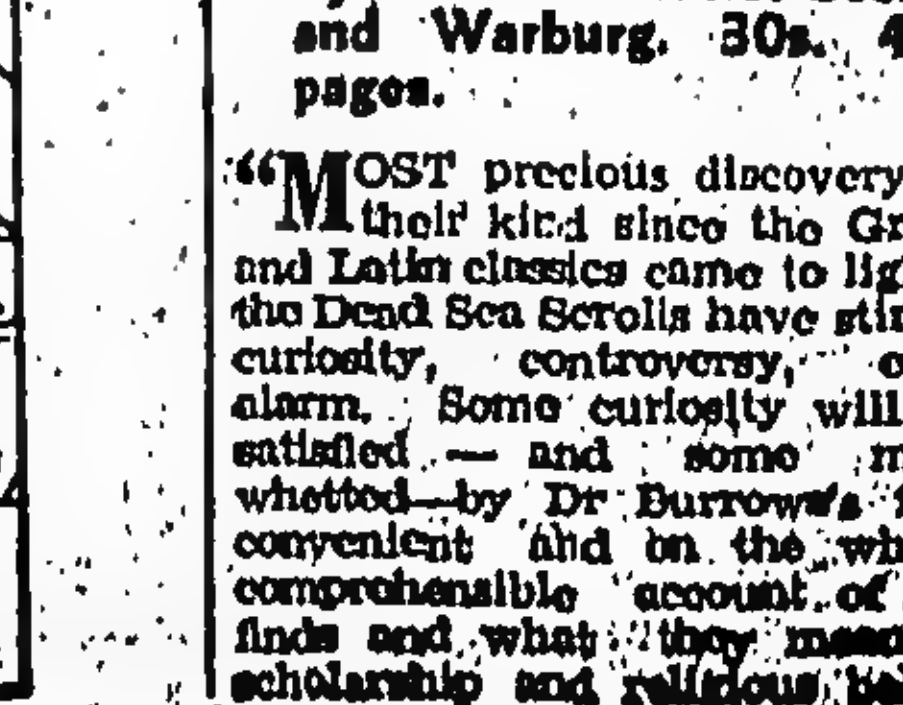
"I OWE IT ALL TO THE LITTLE WOMAN!"



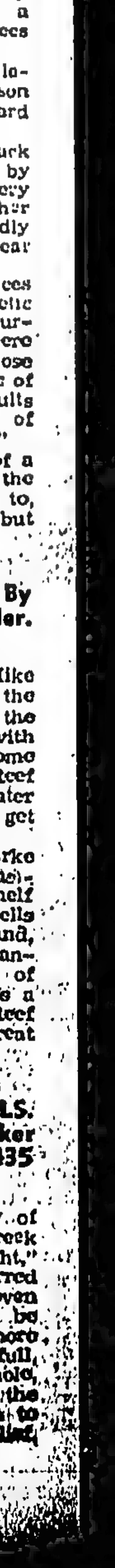
"WE LIKE THE MAN WHO TELLS THE TRUTH INSTEAD OF SAYING HE RAN INTO SOMETHING IN THE DARK."



"HONESTY IN THE ROCK 'N' ROLL DIVISION."



"I SUCCEEDED BECAUSE IT HAPPENED THAT THE FISH WERE BITING!"



GIANTS OF SPORTS

WILLIAM GILBERT GRACE—
FATHER OF CRICKET
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

By DENNIS HART

Who was the greatest cricketer of all time? That's a question to set the fans arguing, setting the merits of Hutton's off-drive against Hammond's cover drive; the unorthodox genius of Bradman against that of Compton; not forgetting the grace of Ranji and the all-round technique of Hobbs.

But say to any group of cricket lovers: "The greatest of them all was W. G. Grace," and few will disagree.

For W. G. with his bushy beard and towering frame achieved a mystical greatness which puts man above technical ability. He has become a legend.

He is the father of cricket, not only in England but throughout the world. Every cricketer or spectator from Manchester to Melbourne, Bombay to Barbados owes a debt to the doctor from Gloucestershire.

For William Gilbert Grace, a 12-year-old, he entered the first-class game in 1880, an attendance of 5,000 was rare. Seen 25,000 spectators would flock to see him in a match in which W. G. was appearing.

And cricket put W. G. Grace on the map. He became the best known man in Britain. At an event like the Derby crowds would excitedly point him out, then turn their attention to some ministers and princes.

MODERN CRICKET
Ranji (1911) declared that Grace "invented" modern cricket. From contemporary bismanship, developed from crude cross-batted attack, he fashioned the elaborate technique with all the variety of strokes we know today.

On the rough wickets he killed the brute force fast bowler and compelled men to master the arts of spin and flight. His effect cannot be measured in figures and averages, yet his record was remarkable.

He scored 54,896 runs, a career record that stood for 25 years. At 18 he scored his first double century for England. In 1886 he made his last appearance for the Gentlemen on his 58th birthday. He hit 74. He played first class cricket for 44 years—another record.

And Grace was worth an England place on the strength of his bowling alone. He took 2,875 wickets, a figure passed only by six men in cricket history. In his 55th year Grace captured five Australian wickets for 29 runs.

Unlike batting, bowling did not come naturally to him. A.G. Steele, a contemporary of Grace, describes W.G. coming up to bowl at him thus: "An enormous man, rushing up to the wicket with both elbows out, a great black beard blowing on both sides of him and a huge yellow cap on top of a dark swarthy face."

The fact was that Grace just couldn't bear to be out of the game for a second. As he couldn't bat all the time he reckoned the next best thing was trying to get the other side out.

A QUICK ONE

It was often said that he didn't mind what methods were used. The story is told of the time he was advised a new batsman to look at the lovely bird flying overhead and pointed straight into the sun. The batsman

Double Centurions

Only five players have started the new season with over 200 League goals to their credit. They are Charlie Wymann (Middlesbrough) 242, Arthur Rowley (Leicester City) 219, Tommy Briggs (Blackburn Rovers) 213, Stan Mortensen (Hull City) 205 and Jack Rowley (Plymouth Argyle) 201. Two likely to reach that aggregate this season are Jack Connor (Stockport County) and Jackie Sewell (Aston Villa).

(London Express Service)
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W. G. GRACE

looked up and, temporarily blinded, was bowled out when Grace sent down a quick one.

A good story, but there is no evidence of its truth. There is evidence, however, of schemes the opposition used to get Grace's wicket. One contemporary admits, "Before playing against Grace we always got together for a council of war to think how we could get the Old 'Un out. Straightaway we ruled out the possibility of bowling him and generally got around to think of subtle ways of cheating him out."

As one bowler put it, "I put the ball where I liked, but he put it where he liked."

The complete cricketer, the master batsman, that was Grace. Sir Pelham Warner, "W. G. was a marvel of power and precision. He was quite wonderful against fast bowling. Even in his fifties the way he played Richardson, Mold and Jones was an object lesson."

Echoes C. B. Fry: "No batsman has ever given me the same sense of masterful power."

Yet he remained a kindly man and many a boy was inspired by the great man's "Well played, young 'un."

For Grace was a man of dignity. He was always easily approachable and such was his strength of character that to take

a liberty with him was unthinkable.

A NEW SPORT
Besides fashioning a new sport Grace still found time to practice medicine. He took over a practice in Bristol which he considerably expanded. And every Christmas he and his wife gave a Christmas party for the poor patients and neighbours of this humble district. Every year had to bring two pudding basins into one was put roast beef and greens and into the other Christmas pudding.

Grace was born in the village of Downend, Gloucestershire. He learned his cricket playing in the garden of his father's house with the rest of the family, not forgetting Don, Ponto and Noble. He three rounds and the three swiftest and surest fielders any cricket ground has ever seen.

Chief credit for laying the foundation to Grace's batting goes to uncle Poceek. It was this gentleman who taught W. G. to hold his bat vertically instead of swinging it horizontally. At 14 Grace played against the All-England eleven and scored 32. The following year he was picked for the England side.

So began the most remarkable cricket career ever. But at the end of it, after all the records, runs and centuries, Grace analysed batting thus: "You put the bat to the ball."

(London Express Service)
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THE WEATHER UPSET SOME
TRAINING PLANS BUT IT PAYS
TO START SEASON SLOWLY

Says DON REVIE

Splash! Right into the deep end went some of Soccer's glamour teams. No doubt about it, this must have been the wettest, most wearying start to a season on record.

And didn't it play havoc with all the carefully planned training schedules. In August players expect sunshine and bone hard pitches, which is why there is a big demand for spikes and sprint training.

But as Ken Barnes, our comedian, remarked to me: "I don't know about spikes this year, Don. I reckon we should have started with water wings."

I don't want to appear complacent about this. My club, Manchester City, came a cropper; so did Everton and Sunderland—but after you have been in the game for a time you realise that it never pays to place too much reliance on early season form.

Sometimes it is better to come back just a shade under peak fitness. Far better to make your run for the championship around Christmas time than get a cracking pace and then fade when the pressure is on next March and April.

We were well and truly walloped by Wolves, 5-1, but you can take it from me there is no alarm in our camp. After all, at Christmas last year we were sixth from the bottom; then we went on to win the Cup and also took talent money for finishing in the Top Four.

I had to smile at Wolverhampton. They have this motto pinned up in their own and the visitors' dressing room: "There is no substitute for hard work."

MIGHTY HARD WORK

All I can say is that Wolves made us work and believe me it's mighty hard work trying to keep up with their speedy players like Murray, Colin Booth, Harry Hooper and Co.

Billy Wright, the Wolves and England skipper, who is a great man for physical fitness, told me that he has prepared for this season by going for six mile cross-country runs. No wonder Billy is still one of the fittest men in the game.

But despite their splendid start, I fancy Wolves will do what they did last year. Then they made a tremendous burst to open the season; but slipped a little as time went on.

If they could keep up the pep and pace which hustled Man-

chester City to defeat, I wouldn't hesitate to nominate Wolves for the League title. And they would deserve it. Nevertheless, I have a hunch that Wolves will be one of the top teams without pulling off the big prize of League Champions.

Watch the form after the first six weeks have passed and then you'll get a better guide as to which teams are likely to be in the running for the honours.

However, I'll stick my neck out at this stage and give you some of the teams which I fancy.

Division I: Manchester United first favourites for the Championship, with Wolves, the smooth short passing Luton Town XI, Portsmouth and Manchester City to be among their chief challengers.

Division II: Sheffield United Nottingham Forest and Leicester City to be the sides pushing for the promotion stakes. Joe Mercer, a glutton for hard work, has been out most of the Summer organising planning and training with his boys. Nottingham Forest, under the shrewd guidance of Billy Walker has always been noted for trying to play class football. Sooner or later, it must take them into Division I. As for my old club, Leicester City, they were in with a great chance last season. This time with the right sort of breaks they could easily climb back into Soccer top grade.

Division III (North): Sam Bartman, the new boss at York City, has made some shrewd buys including the clever ex-Sheffield United inside forward, Peter Wragg. I think York, along with Stockport County, now piloted by Willie Moir, the former Bolton Wanderers star, will be challenging Derby County for promotion.

In Eddie Moran Stockport has one of the cleverest inside forwards in football. If he strikes his true form, he and Willie Moir could rocket Stockport right to the

top although Derby is my main choice.

WATCH THESE YOUNGSTERS

Not for many seasons has English Soccer had so many bright young players on the horizon. Put these chaps down on your list of players to watch:

1. Bobby Charlton from the famous Milburn footballing family. Bobby has captured the imagination of Manchester United supporters who watch the Central League and youth team. Charlton is one of the most complete footballers anyone could wish to see. With luck he should be hammering on the door of the Manchester United League team this season.

2. Patrick Neil, the former Portsmouth amateur international winger now with Wolves. On Soccer's grapevine I hear that Patrick has a wonderful future, and he will be a strong challenger for the outside left berth at present held down by that great Soccer character, Jimmy Mullen.

3. Ralph Gutbins, Bolton Wanderers outside left. Nat Lofthouse first told me of Gutbins' promise—and he is certainly a winger of fine ability.

4. Alick Jeffrey, Doncaster Rovers' 17-year-old wonder boy inside forward. Alick has Peter Doherty to guide him. Need I say more?

5. Derek Hogg, the Leicester City left winger is one of the cleverest ball players in football. He has the almost nonchalant body swerve of the really good craftsman. I fancy him to challenge for an England B and full international cap.

6. Last name on my list is Jackie Overfield, the 23-year-old Leeds United outside left. Overfield is a plumber like Tom Finney; he was coached on an FA course by Finney and has the confidence to take the ball right up to the back like his famous teacher. He can also shoot hard and accurately. No wonder Ralph Carter tips Overfield as an England possibility.

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STAN CULLIS
ROW ENDS
IN APOLOGY

Wolves manager Stan Cullis and Luton director Tom Hodgson were involved in a row after the game at Luton last Wednesday night. Cullis protested angrily that the winning goal scored by Cullis was offside.

First was raised and Mr Hodgson was grumbled by the fact before the pair were separated by "Ten-Gull" Joe Payne, former Luton centre forward.

Said Mr Hodgson, white-faced and straightening his ruffled tie: "We had an exchange of words and I told him not to act like a baby."

During the match Cullis leapt from his seat and told a Luton fan who had criticised a Wolves player: "Keep your remarks to yourself."

Wolves' directors, on arrival at the Luton boardroom for the usual after-match entertainment, were told: "Your manager has been having a bit of trouble."

The directors, Mr John Ireland and Mr Jim Marshall, found manager Cullis in the dressing room and all three returned to the Luton boardroom.

Twenty minutes later Mr Cullis came out shaking hands. "We were just a couple of old professionals having a 'gy' at each other," joked Mr Hodgson. "I suppose it was a bit rough at the time but now Stan and I have made it up we are the best of friends."

Both clubs tried to make light of the incident. Said Mr Percy Mitchell, chairman of Luton: "So far as this club is concerned nothing has happened. We have received an apology from Mr Cullis and the club have promised to write an apology."

There will be no official report to the Football Association or the Football League—London Express Service.



1 Oration

2 Emerald Isle

3 It has two houses.

4 Twelve inch?

5 Short ones?

6 Cricket over

7 English city

8 Election meetings

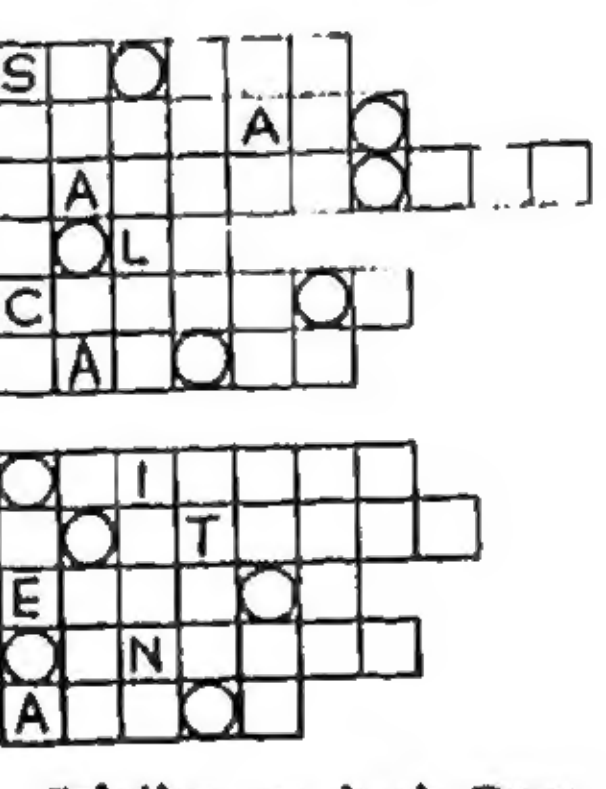
9 The reign of one was holy

10 United, for instance.

11 Rage

NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



Solution on back page

BE SPECIFIC

FLY CATHAY PACIFIC

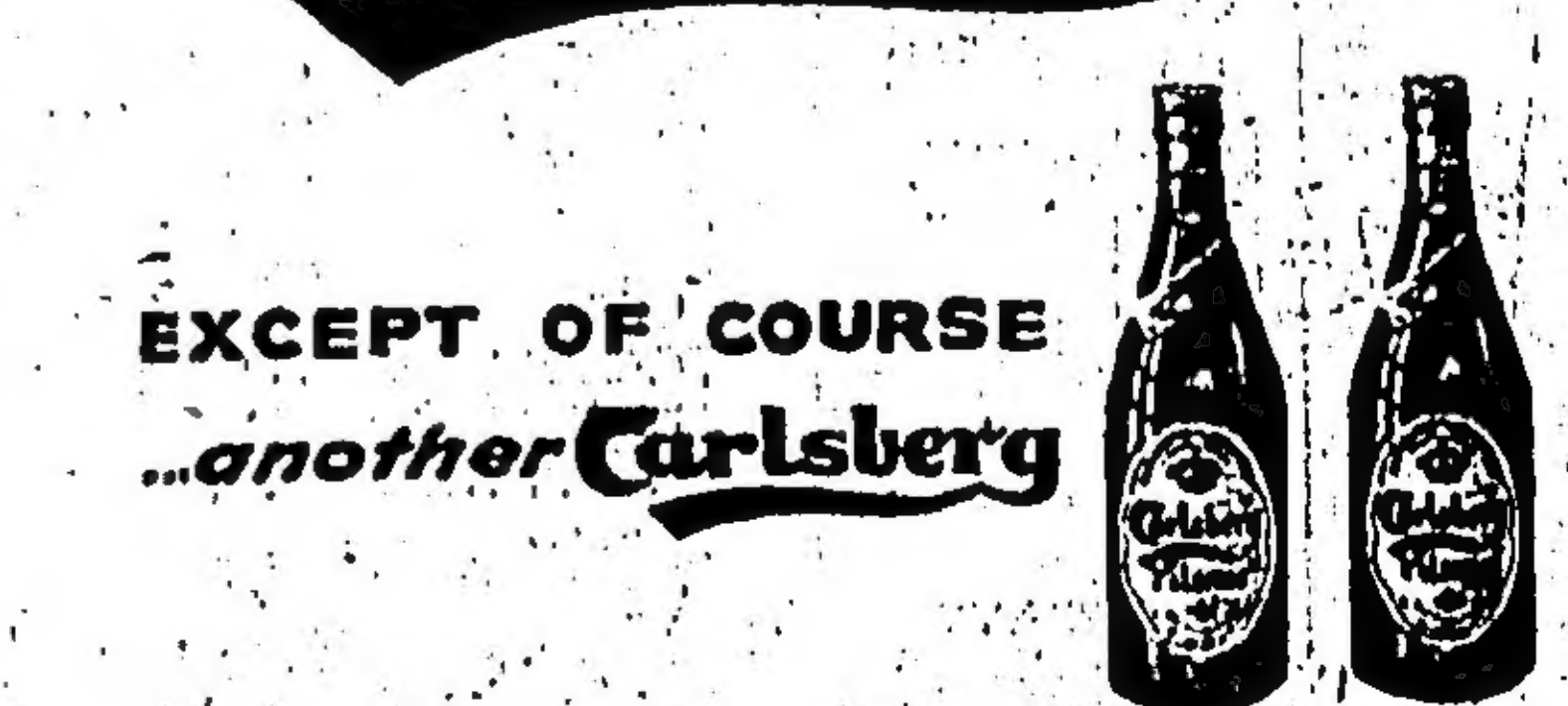
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BURROUGH'S

REFEATER

LONDON DRY GIN

SOLE AGENTS: SWIRE & MACLAINE LTD.

